

THE CHILD IN THE DRINKING SOCIETY

AUGUST 1969 / CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE / 35¢

MACLEAN'S

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OF THE
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MACLEAN'S REPORTS

AUGUST, 1989 VOLUME 82 NUMBER 8

Quebec exists: read all about it in the latest Montreal Star

THE MONTREAL STAR is an English-language newspaper, but you'd hardly know that these days by meeting the staff.

The associate editor is a young French-Canadian woman named Evelyn Dumesnil, formerly of *Le Devoir*. The editor of the Saturday counterpart

Walker believes the Star will deserve its position as a big English daily in a predominantly French-speaking city only if it tells its readers what's really happening. One thing that's been happening for a long time, of course, is the French, though actually you'd have scarcely noticed it from reading the Star.

When Walker took over, coming up from boss of the editorial page, the paper was big on reports about Zaire. He and Canada's and France's policy postures but barely aware, a second, of the going-on in Montreal, especially things French-Canadian. Periodically, to become more cosmopolitan, the Star has become more provincial, steering news closer to home.

"I want to work," Walker explains, "to turn the paper towards, into Montreal, and, especially, though not completely so, towards the heavy foreign-news coverage."

So far, it's been a subtle shift, and the paper's new outlook is expressed not so much by what it does, but by what it has stopped doing. It is full of French-speaking writers, mostly a row of stories, for instance, the old Star couldn't resist reporting how many of the proprietors were English-speaking. Now the paper is looking its treatment in reports of such local disputes.

To perk up the paper, Walker has recruited first-rate journalists from several sources — from *Le Presse*, the progressive but predictable conservative leader among Montreal dailies, from *Le Devoir*, run by the influential but autocratic Claude Ryan; from the good-natured *Gazette*, Montreal's English-speaking paper of record; from government, and even from an underground paper, *Leves*, where Walker found cartoonist Terry Mosher, aka Aitah.

Most of the newcomers — not necessarily all of French extraction — have three things in common: they're bright, intelligent and well aware of the Quebec scene. To many old Star men, however, all but the most senior newcomers are distinctly known as "Walker's boys." Some editors even privately at Walker for grandly playing "the good card" to his own problems, while overlooking their tendency to write about themselves and their

scenes in anguish when their copy gets blathered.

But associate editor Evelyn Dumesnil speaks enthusiastically about the "spirit of adventure" that is pervading the staff. Frank Walker jokes happily about the young English community around the office for as long a day "to keep it from becoming extinct," and out on the street, strangers who watch carefully can see their old paper gradually getting an admirable new look. DEAN FRANKLIN

Dave Loeb once dealt in cabbages; now he buys and sells quarterback

STOCKPORTER Dave Loeb, the new owner of the Ottawa Rough Riders, is a medium-sized, balding, soft-spoken businessman who craves an air of fast surprise that he has somehow wound up owning a football team instead of a warehouse full of cabbages. But the air is deceiving. Football is, after all, a business too, and the way Loeb took over the 1988 Grey Cup champions is a textbook illustration of the qualities that make business slick — quickness such as muscle and timing and stealth and wealth.

Loeb, who was until recently senior vice-president of M. Loeb Company, a large grocery-wholesaling chain, and general manager of the firm's Ottawa Division, says he bought the football risk because of "the prestige and the responsibility of taking part in it."



The Star's editor Frank Walker as caricaturist Terry Mosher sees him.

most section is another slanting of *Le Devoir*, Jean-Pierre Fournier, the new boss on the City Hall beat in Raymond Guerin, formerly a columnist on *Le Presse*, and other new names on the editorial roster sound like a roll call of French-Canadian journalists — Claude A. Major, Dominique CEB, Robert Gendron, Claude Arpin.

The man behind this sudden surge of Francophony on the traditionally WASPish Star is the paper's new editor-in-chief, Frank Walker. He's been in charge only since October, but already he's boasting, "Before we were an English paper published in Quebec. Now we're a Quebec paper."

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Seagram's 83
CANADIAN WHISKY

something that has a great deal to do with Canada."

But I think there's more to it than that. Loeb is 44, and he has been a football fan for 34 of those years, although he was never big enough or good enough to make a team at school. He had to get his kicks, like many of us, by watching the Good Guys beat the Bad Guys and imagining that it was him down there, busting out straight-arm.

That's the first part of the equation. The second part has to do with his own career. Loeb is the fifth son in a large, powerful Ottawa family. His eldest brother, Norman, is chairman of the family firm, and his second brother, Bernard, is president. David's position, senior vice-president, was one of power and wealth, but it was not something he had carved out for himself. My theory is that he turned to sports to be his own man.

Loeb first brought into the Ottawa club two years ago, when the board of directors was going through one of its periodic shuffles, and he quickly discovered the unwelcome nature of a 13-man dictatorship. Every decision was preceded by a long and sometimes acrimonious debate while general manager Rod O'Quinn and coach Frank Clair, who had to run the team, stood on the sidelines quietly sweating blood. The solution was for one man to own the team and make the calls and, last fall, after Ottawa got past Toronto and into the Grey

Cup game, Loeb decided he wanted to be their own man. But he didn't do anything about his ambition, the time wasn't ripe, he just waited.

That February, a long-time director wanted to resign, and a number of other directors began to show signs of restlessness. Now the time was ripe, and Loeb moved. One by one, he approached the other board members, convinced them that a smaller management group was essential and offered to buy them out. He didn't tell anyone what he was up to, except his wife and three sons. He didn't even tell his brothers, and, although they had heard that somebody was acting at the Ottawa franchise, they had no idea the somebody was their younger brother.

For several weeks, Loeb quietly made the rounds, bargaining with the directors. During that time, two more offers came in. One was from a Toronto radio station; a promised more money than Loeb, but the directors wouldn't let control of the club leave Ottawa. The other was from a local investment dealer who wanted to turn the club into a public company, but the directors didn't fancy owning stock instead of the nearly \$70,000 Loeb was offering each of them.

Finally, on May 7, Loeb was done bargaining. That night, in the office of General Manager Rod O'Quinn, he concluded an offer to purchase among the directors. It came back to him bearing 11 signatures, and the club

was his. He resigned his executive posts with M. L. Seagram — although he remains a director — after telling his astonished brothers he wanted to devote himself full time to his new career.

If he goes about running that new career with the brisk single-mindedness he's devoted to launching it, the Ottawa Rough Riders are in for some interesting times. WALTER STEWART

How a talk show hit the jackpot by plugging into pay telephones

AT THE PEAK of the recent season in Northern Ireland, Frank Ogle of radio station CKGM, Montreal, flipped through his shabby gaudy files and pulled out a telephone number. Moments later David Bussell, publisher of the national daily *Talk Line To The World*, was interviewing a Protestant extremist who just happened to answer the pay phone in a Belfast railway station.

"There'll be a civil war here soon," the man predicted, "and there won't be any payphones allowed in here then."

Candid — and often startling — interviews like that have become daily fare on CKGM since Ogle took over last February as executive talk producer and immediately thought up an idea so logical that other radio producers wonder now why they didn't think of it themselves. Somehow (he won't say how) Ogle got hold of lists of pay phones throughout the world — 100,000 numbers in all — and randomly added a lively new geographical dimension to the station's phone-in and phone-out programs.

From the subway entrance in Finsbury Circus, a Londoner named Mr. Hennessey passed judgement on the budget the Wilson government had brought down that day. "It's all right with me if it's good for England."

From Cardiff, Wales, an 18-year-old cock ragged-up adolescent on the budget the Wilson government had brought down that day. "It's all right with me if it's good for England."

From Miami, Florida, an answerer volunteered an off-the-cuff opinion about Richard Nixon's current popularity. Or a rapturously effusive reaction came from an interviewee at the National Arts Centre in Ottawa the week of the opening. "It's a wonderful place!" he exclaimed, "no wonder!"

PETERSON ON THE PROWL



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Morgan White Rum. A cool, refreshing breeze along the party circuit. Adds a light touch and an intriguing new twist to traditional rum drinks. Keeps your chilled favorites well below the freezing point. And Morgan White displays real finesse every time you take a sip. Cool taste, for instance. You just shake 'em up with Morgan White. The big rum in Canada. The light of the party.

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has already begun. Canada, for instance, is engaged in a dispute with France over resource development on our continental shelf, which we say belongs exclusively to us and the French say, because of their ownership of the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, near Newfoundland, should be shared with them. The dispute is still in the stage of guarded words and tight smiles, but some shadow-boxing techniques become sophisticated enough to be barely profitable, the same will be set for a first-class row.

The trouble is that there is no formal structure of law to govern the sharing of undersea wealth. The only ground rules so far were laid down at a Geneva Convention in 1958, where it was stated that every coastal state owns resource rights to its own continental shelf. This was defined as the area out to a water depth of 200 meters or, beyond that, up to the depth the nation could effectively exploit. Such a vague rule suits Canada, which has both a wide, shallow continental shelf and a deep technological reach, but it does not suit nations where the seabed plunges steeply off the mainland, and they are not prepared to benefit if they, right Latin American nations have set their own resource limits at 200 miles off shore, seeking a look of whatever second coast.

When two nations disagree about division of the seabed the convention ruled that, except where "special circumstances" prevail, the resource line should be drawn halfway between them. A line halfway between Canada and St. Pierre would give France a rich slice of our offshore resources, as Canada is pleading "special circumstances" in that, as an external-affairs official put it, "St. Pierre and Miquelon are just two penguins in the sea, not mainland France."

If rules can be forced to govern the continental shelves, there will remove the question of mid-sea development. Some nations, including Canada, argue that this "no-man's water" should be exploited by some form of international regime, under UN auspices, for the benefit of all mankind, with special attention to the needs of developing nations.

Clearly some rule must be found — other than the rule of anarchy — to prevent serious conflict over the world's seabed resources. But the prospects are not bright. After all, we in Canada have not even been able to get federal provincial accord over sharing offshore oil reserves, what then are the chances of, say, China and the U.S. agreeing to split the spoils off Pogo-Pogo? WALTER STEWART

EDITORIAL

Will Schreyer's win tip the NDP to the right?

IN THE POST-MORTEM on Ed Schreyer's surprising electoral victory in Manitoba two of the most significant implications have not received enough attention. One is the effect his election will have on the national scene and the other is, oddly, the fact that his victory may create more problems for his own party than for its national rivals.

The election of a New Democrat as Premier of Manitoba is clearly a gain for representative government. It corrects the serious imbalance in the continuing federal-provincial constitutional conferences where there has been no representative of Canada's third national party. It has seemed inconceivable that, as the 11 senior politicians in this country — two of them Socialists — have been wrestling with the nation's fundamental problems, no one has been present to speak for the socialists. That has now been rectified.

The problem his election poses for the New Democrats derives from the fact that the Manitoba victory will force the party to ponder again the direction it should take in its cautious quest for power. Schreyer was at a moderate (he dislikes being called a socialist, he prefers social democrat). Many of the party's leaders have similarly been moving to the right, arguing for a softening of the old doctrinaire socialism. But there are strong and articulate voices, including a majority of the youthful members, who argue that NDP destiny lies in proposing more and not less radical solutions to Canada's social and economic problems and in offering a clear alternative to the Tweedledum-Tweedledee Liberals and Conservatives. The dilemma is sharpened by the fact that the NDP is in something of a resurgence — a recent Gallup poll gave them 22 percent of the national vote — and this may well interfere, with a great many Canadians disillusioned by Trudeau's conservatism and Stiefel's demagoguery. But before they can exploit these gains the New Democrats face a series of questions.

The policy question: will a generally affluent Canada buy socialist, even a socialist considerably watered down from the depressive-era policies of the CCP? Probably not. What leads to the program question: if Manitoba has demonstrated that Canadians will buy the NDP when it is fresh, vigorous and flexible, who is in a position to provide Schreyer-like leadership at the federal level? All of the party's potential leaders were crowned in the Trudeau sweep and Schreyer won't be available until, at the earliest, 1971. Can the party wait until then to replace Tommy Douglas? Probably not. Over-riding all of this is the nagging question: does a provincial victory have any federal overtones in a nation whose election must instinctively to assert a balance of power between the provinces and Ottawa?

The NDP must also wrestle with the question of whether they should put their emphasis on federal politics, where their chances are marginal, or on a drive to achieve power in the provinces where their prospects are excellent (British Columbia, Saskatchewan, Ontario). With the provinces' growing influence in federal/provincial affairs, the provincial route may offer the best chance for significant socialist power.

Whatever the decisions, Ed Schreyer's victory has raised NDP morale; it has also raised formidable questions, questions more likely to divide the party than to unite it.



11/1 Y 22, 1979



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ON THE MOON

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The man who paints fish and the man who catches them

Six-foot-six Terry Bennett, the man on the cover, started fishing "seriously" when he was four. It was in England, and his grandfather, a boatbuilder, had introduced young Terry to a breed of guppies. "They knew everything there is to know about anatomy and plans. They had speed ways to train dogs. They had herbs to catch fish. They taught me nature."

Bennett has passed on the lessons well. For four years, he had his own series on national television. He has just completed his fifth book, the 150,000-word *The Country Art Of Angling*. He makes his own candy and ginger snaps, studies voles and plants, and is a bird watcher, gourmet cook and novelist.

Bennett has worked as a clerk, but never lived in one. "Man is an animal," he says. "and, as an angry animal, he'll overpopulate, breed, bring destruction through stress." He lives near Bolton, Ont., in a cottage close by a trout stream.

Bennett's concern with strong nature is shared by Glen Fowler, whose work illustrates Bennett's fishing guide on pages 26 to 30. At 21, Fowler is becoming one of the outstanding wildlife artists in the continent. Self-taught, he was drawing butterflies and moths at eight, birds and animals at 14. Recently, he earned close to \$2,000 for a painting, listing its value as none to rise. His medium is watercolor, tempera and ink, his style an Andrew Wyeth-like realism and, he believes, his work is constantly improving. "I'm trying to put on paper what people could see around them. Too often they just look at nature but don't see."

Years of "seeing" have given Bennett and Fowler a lot of humanity. Though he has had "several thousand" fans, such as the maggot, insect on the cover, Bennett admits he is not good at it. "But that's not important," he adds. "The important thing is to enjoy it, to have fun."

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TAKEDACK

Starley Gray: why pay to have freedom abused? / Quebec: butt out, Angles / Asper's: make them safe—fast

YUCK! CRUELTY, concerning freedom in the award of a Canada Council grant to Mr. C. Starley Gray (1741 Dufferin Ave., York, Ont. M6H 1G1) calls for a response. Many of us recognize that a democracy needs to include the right to dissent. However, surely this does not include giving public money to "a radical, untrained Marxist and Marxist goons" — as you point out — "for not simply educational reform, but the total overturn of our way of life." Gray has lived up to the latter well, and you suggest we should ignore this to prove our love of freedom. This is a high form of moral duplicity and all at once, Canada could understand those

D. B. MONTGOMERY, OTTAWA

I list in my why the System should favour the sum of those who wish to destroy the System. Furthermore, if Gray is as clever as reported, he should be able to make a few bucks without dipping into the pocket of the taxpayer who is already being gouged beyond reason.

J. S. HARRINGTON, TORONTO

★ Starley Gray is described in a Marxist but his actions stamp him for what he actually is — a lackey, who wants to create a market drive state. To suggest that the opposition to a Canada Council grant for Gray is an "anti-christian backlash" is nonsense. The only backlash involved is that of common sense against stupidity.

M. C. ARNOLD, MONTREAL, QNT

★ What disturbed me most was the mindless thinking about democratic rights to dissent and what Gray made for it. I defend the right to express one's opinion in a democracy. However, we are committed to attempting to change our society to democratic means. It is Gray who advocates change by violence and totalitarian means. If we followed his philosophy, we would return to the law of the jungle.

DR. J. O'NEILL, KITCHENER, ONT

'Get off our backs!'

Re: *How Lethal: The Angles Claim In The City For Canada's Backlog*. When in English Canada goes to the stuff of its French-Canadian kith and kin it must be fair to tell for all those people occupying the same province to have to join their society on an even keel. On an otherwise French Canadian. It's time they get off our backs and started acting like real men. It's time they worried about that real territory they occupy and figured out exactly what they're going to do with it. The Americans have been doing the job for them too damn long and now I'm going to be able to continue far much longer — *radioing club, OTTAWA*.

★ Linguists speak of an independent Que. too distant with the rest of Canada. What

would we have to deal about? What would they have to offer us that we don't already have? We could get along without them much better than they could get along with us. At this time and more responsible leaders know it.

ROBERT KIRBY, OTTAWA

★ In a Times University student is thinking of coming to Quebec after he graduates to work for Linguistic Paris-Quebec. I am sure that French Canada is eagerly awaiting the "hurry" while it is so close the suburbs have to wait their freedom. Poor little French-Canadian students have discovered that this society is so thoroughly Americanized that, instead of staying home and fighting their own political battle, they can go and try to join Quebec. What possible use could French Canada or Mr. Starley Linguistic have for losers, students or not? — *LOUIS FEE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS*.

★ I read with interest Walter Stewart's article on the problem being faced by the non-French in Quebec (*A Place To Stand?*). I am opposed to a French Quebec. I don't think Quebec is going to go far on its own. — That would kill my hope is too far from reality. We need such language for the economy sake. If we drop one — English — Quebecers can say good-bye to work and life as we know it. We English Quebecers are not worried for ourselves, but for our French Quebecer friends. What will become of them if they drop English?

WAL JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, ST. CATHARIES

The mess in our skies

I support the railway of Walter Stewart's article on the mess in our sky spaces as our airports. We have a *Crash Course*! But I can only consider Stewart naive if he seriously believes that a "quadruple" nuclear collision would reduce the mess.

needed safety. Some poor controller would end up carrying the tin.

J. S. HARRINGTON, OTTAWA

★ I would hope this most shocking article brings awareness to many people of the so-called "terrorism" placed on the controllers, and that the recommendations made in it alleviate these problems will generate activity before the casualties occur that have been predicted. Wouldn't some of the money and time expended for bombproofing federal air service be better spent on a cause more useful and less emotional — such as the traffic snarl?

D. B. MONTGOMERY, OTTAWA

★ Money should not be a factor when lives are at the other end of the scale. Nearly the \$40 million spent on the National Arm Centre in Ottawa would have gone a long way toward providing better air safety equipment and training.

MR. C. B. MARTIN, BRANTFORD, ONT

★ Has all of Walter Stewart for his usually reasonable views. I am generally in my "check out" phase of wanting after receiving from the first month on in Ottawa. The month speaks of a victory, low — *W. J. CLARK, WILLOWDALE, ONT*.

The hide-hole caper

Re: *Walter Stewart's article on the Dufron, Lethal, & Mac-Farlan Report the Quebec's Top Secret Mail-Order (Liquor)*. Is Mr. Stewart planning to go into politics now he's gone up? — *W. J. CLARK, WILLOWDALE, ONT*.

Freedom — for taxpayers?

In *The Liberty Arts*, Mr. Walter Stewart reminds that there is no oppression on what can be performed on stage, or shown on the screen. Before of times are abandoned.



Wouldn't an air shower bring relief — or blast for the overworked controller?



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all projects that include themselves and are launched even in part by public funds should be frozen until a referendum is held to see if taxpayers are interested in supporting a form of art that accepts no legal or other limits. While all the freedom lovers agreed, they might like to be free from compulsion to support the arts.

DEAN HARTSHORN, CALIFORNIA, ONT.

• If we put all the goofy chickens, too paralytic for even a last struggle, we deserve what is surely coming. The Darwin Experiment goes to the point of no return by diving into this state slough of mental degradation. Our "new" generation of morning people, with all sorts, high at their calling, a "morning-minded" but if all decent people will while this degeneration destroys our society, we all go down.

ONE LINE, VILLAGESIDE, WY.

• Minor Madsen says "Your true summer festival works only as a place not to be missed to Vancouver Island. Victoria's new summer festival may fail. Madsen's festival was first July 11 to August 18. Victoria Fair will present a professional opportunity company at the McPherson Playhouse in Victoria. The McPherson Playhouse and Theatre also scheduled an 14 rounds live art exhibition, and theatre dinner in Centennial House — David G. Gosselin, instructor in professional studies, University of Victoria.

"Milk makes the game"

The women who picked *Milkshake* as their favorite TV show of the year 1988 are not alone. In a poll of 100 women, *Milkshake* was the most popular TV show. The women who picked *Milkshake* as their favorite TV show of the year 1988 are not alone. In a poll of 100 women, *Milkshake* was the most popular TV show. The women who picked *Milkshake* as their favorite TV show of the year 1988 are not alone. In a poll of 100 women, *Milkshake* was the most popular TV show.

It is the implication of the word "milkshake" that one suggests a certain cheerfulness or a bit of through life. For the most part, about 90 percent of human behavior is learned behavior. I tend to agree with Dr. Lowell Tipton that there appears to be a possible learning propensity in societies and that the way they are learned is significant. However, learning is a human capacity — not exclusive to adults. When women obtain the opportunity to lead together, they do it effectively and well. There is a plethora of women's organizations in all parts of Western society. Subsequent research has shown that there is nothing "natural" about men's ability to be superior, while and power seeking.

PAUL MURRAY, LIVERPOOL, ONTARIO, JUNE 1988, CANADIAN.

• Men bond with each other as allies as well through fear of their own inability and deficiency. The false masculinity exemplified by so many male clubs all too often of men's clubs, where the violence, aggression, selfishness. Men can only act as a man in the true sense when he is alone or with

bonded with a woman and with children. The balloons have too long tried to rise from a man. I am about ready to let the balloons of our species take over!

DR. BRUCE E. ARVY, BOSTON, ONT.

• Women have been too passive, credulous, comfortable. But today's women are rejecting mainstream culture and order — they want chaos, so end to human disaster and the waning destruction of an individual life, and so chaos, to poverty for the money. Women talk to advance beyond the barbarism imposed on humanity by "men in power."

WILL A. S. HARRIS, BOSTON, ONT.

• A New Left has been some more progressive groups like The National Supervisory Of The World's Climate by J. Paul Garry, The National Supervisory Of The World's Climate, by George Wallace. I must apologize for offering my opinion. I am only a woman.

MARION GARRY, BOSTON, ONT.

I am a 15-year-old grade-11 student. Dr. Tipton has never visited his "beloved" country — or he would not be calling it "Cut Harbor." It was renamed London more than 20 years ago.

COURTESY, LONDON, LONDON, ONT.

"No" in Greece

Of course Greece is a wonderful country for a holiday. As Robert Thomas Allen points out in *Johnny's In Another Planet*, Greece, however, it is a destination of a particularly level nature. The fact that the projected income in Greece was down 10 percent in 1988 indicates that some people at least, on moral grounds, have said "No" to a holiday in an increasingly beautiful country. The fact that the projected income in Greece was down 10 percent in 1988 indicates that some people at least, on moral grounds, have said "No" to a holiday in an increasingly beautiful country. The fact that the projected income in Greece was down 10 percent in 1988 indicates that some people at least, on moral grounds, have said "No" to a holiday in an increasingly beautiful country.

Education scores more than 20

The New Learning — A Book When The World Comes Down by Alan Edwards gives an excellent picture of what goes on in the new open air schools, but it leads to a number of points in other parts of the country. The Education authorities are not alone in the new open air schools, but it leads to a number of points in other parts of the country. The Education authorities are not alone in the new open air schools, but it leads to a number of points in other parts of the country. The Education authorities are not alone in the new open air schools, but it leads to a number of points in other parts of the country.

"Past hockey?" Poor 12

J. D. Adams says "U.S. referees offer poor hockey competition to Canadian 'overseas' (U.S. referees) Canada and the U.S. referees in the new open air schools, but it leads to a number of points in other parts of the country. The Education authorities are not alone in the new open air schools, but it leads to a number of points in other parts of the country. The Education authorities are not alone in the new open air schools, but it leads to a number of points in other parts of the country. The Education authorities are not alone in the new open air schools, but it leads to a number of points in other parts of the country.



I remember Paris. And the good smell of the sea.

I remember my no-conditions hotel, the beauty and the beauty, the beauty of the sea. I remember my no-conditions hotel, the beauty and the beauty, the beauty of the sea. I remember my no-conditions hotel, the beauty and the beauty, the beauty of the sea.

I remember my no-conditions hotel, the beauty and the beauty, the beauty of the sea. I remember my no-conditions hotel, the beauty and the beauty, the beauty of the sea. I remember my no-conditions hotel, the beauty and the beauty, the beauty of the sea.

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Murray Hubbard raises sheep in New Brunswick. He's good at it. But, like fisherman Amadee Gallant and miner George Butts, he's found being good at it isn't enough. Something else is needed. Now he's wondering...

CAN UNION SAVE THE MARITIMES?

Murray Hubbard is 58, a slender, grey whippet of a man with the large, gaunt hands and the season-seamed face of someone who has been farming hard all his life. He lives with his wife Gwendolen in a battered old farmhouse on the tree-shrouded hills above Debec, in western New Brunswick, not far from the St. John River valley. He raises sheep and Christmas trees, loves flowers — he used to raise them, too, but the sheep kept eating them — and spends whatever time he can spare, reading. He is a thoughtful man, clever and hard-working. He has been clever and hard-working all his life, but it hasn't done much good: Last year, the income from his 350-acre farm came to \$6,359, it cost \$6,100, of which \$1,000 was depreciation on equipment, to run the place. Murray Hubbard is trapped in the Maritimes economy. ▶

Father Murray Hubbard, left, and fisherman Amadee Gallant, right, are trapped in a Maritimes economy that doesn't work.

BY WALTER STEWART Photographs by Hans Dreier





An "ancient tank of delirium" hangs over the River of these PEI fishermen. Nova Scotia miners and their children. In a region that is overburdened with government, hampered by political fragmentation, Maritime Union could be their best — and last — hope.

THE MARITIMES

Arvid Gallant is 54 but, with his wiry, black hair and sturdy, weathered features, looks younger. He is an industrious fisherman at Cape Sable, along the low and windswept shore of Prince Edward Island, not far from Summerside. He learned the trade from his father; he is good at it, and enjoys the quiet morning when he turns his 18-foot lobster boat out to meet the dawn, breaking over Northumberland Street, enjoys the evening run back, after a hard day of hauling on the rocking sea, with a catch gleaming wetly from the bottom of his boat. Gallant lives with his wife and three of his nine children — the others have grown up and left home — in a small, specious house on inland. They get along, like the gung-pow-rougher every year. Last year, Gallant cashed \$4,000 paid \$1,200 for a helper, and was left with \$3,000 to run his boat and house and take care of his family. Looking ahead, he can see only worse times coming for the lobster, which grows larger with each passing season. Like Mahood, Gallant is caught in an economy that doesn't seem to work.

George Butts is 47 and, like Gallant, looks younger than his years. His hair is a light brown, his eyes a clear blue, and he moves with the vigor of a man who has worked with his hands and back and legs all his life. Butts is a coal miner, as was his father before him. For 28 years he worked in the same black pit, No. 20 Colliery at Glace Bay, Nova Scotia. He began as a driver on a horse-drawn pit wagon, worked up to be the operator of a Joy Miner, a huge machine that drives coal from the mine wall and loads it on to railway cars in a single operation. Butts was among the dies in No. 20, for only two men on each shift could operate a Joy Miner, and he was paid top wages — \$24.44 a shift — enough to support himself. His wife and the first of his nine children still at home in the small duplex at Birch Grove, just outside Glace Bay. Then, quite recently No. 20 Colliery closed down, in the retrenchment that has become necessary for the survival of the Cape Breton coal industry. Butts was moved to another pit, where the pay began at \$18 a shift. There are no Joy Miners in No. 28 Colliery, so he will have to learn a new job. He doesn't know how long this pit will last, but guesses maybe five years at the most. Then he will have to find something else to do — although there is nothing else to do

trained to do — or take early retirement, live on a pension and sit around, like so many Cape Breton miners, waiting for something better to happen.

Murray Mahood, Arvid Gallant and George Butts are the three strongest arguments I know for the political union of the Maritime provinces. All are men of energy, intelligence and skill, and all are lacking that energy, intelligence and skill not only enough to wring prosperity from the land where they live. None of them owns what a Montreal plumber or a Hawaiian steelworker would call a decent living, yet they work in three of the basic industries of their region. I have picked them, not because they are typical, but because they are better than typical in their skills. Mahood is a knowledgeable farmer, and president of the New Brunswick Sheep-Breeders' Association. Gallant took the highest lobster catch in the crop he belongs to in 1987, and the second-highest last year. Butts was among the handful of specialists at No. 20 Colliery.

These men face the problems faced by their fathers and grandfathers not, without some basic restructuring of the way the value or work problems will face their children and grandchildren (unless, like so many of the best in the Maritimes, those children and grandchildren enjoy

try to sell with it, not move out). Hence the plea for union now.

Maritime Union is a proposal that Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island come together in a single province, with one capital, one legislature, one civil service and one set of laws. Today the Atlantic provinces appear to Ottawa as three little groups of farmers who cannot agree on what they want; they speak with a stuttering of shrill voices to a federal government already rattled by other and more powerful units. Until the region speaks with a single voice, it will have trouble getting its requests heard. The three provinces tentatively recognized the point in March 1988, when they commemorated a Maritime Union study to look into the pros and cons of merger. That study will report next spring. It will set forth, in heavily shaded detail, what union might mean in every field from education to truck licensing.

Part of the case for union is historic — when John A. Macdonald and seven colleagues from the Province of Canada arrived in Charlottetown on September 1, 1864, and set in train the talks that led to Confederation, they came as gate-crashers to a conference that had been called to discuss Maritime Union. The tariff barriers Canada

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American Express Travelers Cheques
The Reserve Money

THE MARITIMES

throw up after Confederation cut off the Maritimes from their natural markets in the United States — and a century of widening disparity with the rest of Canada began. For 42 years per capita income in the region has been the nation's lowest and though petitions have complained, they have done it with little hope of change. Much of the area has come to believe that it's always been poor and always will be and that's the end of it. The real and most important effect of a poorer now would be to throw off this ancient sink of defeat and begin again.

There is a more contemporary spur to union. The region desperately needs modern business practice. At present, for example, a New Brunswick trading company must pay double taxation if it can't prove that its driver bought enough gas in Nova Scotia to cover their travel on that province. Union would do away with such hold-over ineptness.

It would not, by itself, solve the problems of Hubbard, Galt and Burn. But it would reflect them. By welding three scattered economies together, it would provide better markets and a magnet for industry — some jobs far from where farming and fishing can no longer sustain. The political muscle that could be started on behalf of the nearly 1.5 million people of a united Maritimes — it would be Canada's fifth largest province — would be far greater than the combined muscle of today's Nova Scotia (762,000 people), New Brunswick (626,000) and PEI (119,000). It would mean better public service for Hubbard, Galt and Burn — paid for from savings made possible by ending the pointless duplication of provincial governments.

The Maritimes today groans under the weight of more officials than any area in Canada — 136 provincial legislators, 18 cabinet ministers, three lieutenant-governors and 24,106 provincial civil servants look to the north of a population two-thirds the size of Metropolitan Toronto. The Atlantic Provinces Maritime Council has calculated that if the Maritimes ratio of civil servants (one for every 41.6 citizens) could be brought down to the ratio for the rest of Canada (one for 146.1) the annual savings in salaries would be \$18 million. That money could help fund better markets for Murray Hubbard or a better job for his son.

Murray Hubbard's father, an Englishman, moved to Dorset from Philadelphia when Hubbard was two, because the American firm he worked for wanted him to take up U.S. citizenship. He became a farmer, and his only child followed him out to the land after promising for as long as he could to take grade seven at the Spenville School, just down the road.

Despite the lack of formal learning, Hubbard has given himself a first-class education, and has to lead his conversation with historical references and personal quotations. My favorite of his quotations is not, admittedly, high toned, it came from a discussion of prohibition in the U.S. and went like this:

*Fair and honest Taxation,
All very dry.
Created the Yankee border
For Coonkiller rye.
When the rye was over
They began to sing,
"To hell with Coon Cooleger,
God Save The King"*

At first, his was pronounced enough, and Hubbard can remember when 17 English sets of three half pence were laid along the Spenville road. "Now there's only one

family that can get by without outside help — and that's us." On top of the problem common to all Canadian farmers — the fact that costs of production go up faster than the price of farm products — Maritimers face the special difficulties of high transportation charges and vigorous competition in the central Canadian market, while the main to their natural market, in the U.S., is held by retail business. Hubbard's life has been spent, so much of his father's life was spent, running hard to stand still.

When he married, his wife brought a dowry of two parcels of Galtland stock, and Hubbard started the sheep business. Now he has a flock of 350 ewes and 300 lambs, whose wool and meat provide his main income. It's not enough, although both he and his wife work long hours. "We're up against something we can't beat," Canadian Pacific can still lose New Zealand lamb in Toronto cheaper than I can get it there, so either lose hard I work, or buy cheaply I live."

Hubbard's son, John, 25, wants no part of this eternal struggle. With his wife and daughter, he lives at Miramichi, 10 miles away, and drives a truck for a living. "If I stay on my dad's land I'll be a hunter-trapper," says Hubbard, "but he's not interested in this farm, and I can't blame him." Truck-driving doesn't hold much future either, but there is nothing else.

Annette Galt is an Acadian, whose French-speaking people have lived along PEI's west shore for generations. Her grandfather ran the farm just across the road, but his father took to the sea and Galt followed him when he was 16 and through grade eight.

He is a slow-speaking man, careful, neat and patient. He cradles better in the summer, barning in the spring and fall. It was selling for six dollars for a 200-pound barrel when I was at Cape Egmont and whenever he can, he takes fish from the seabed. This is a kind of seaweed used to make moccasins and in the making of ice cream, it brings three cents a pound. In the winter, when there is no fishing, his work as his tips, takes on odd jobs as a carpenter, or from unemployment insurance. Last winter, he went back to school. "I started this evening school, where the government pays you to study, so I did that. I'd rather go to school and get \$64 a week than stay home and get \$16 on the unemployment."

Galtland upgraded his education from grade eight to grade 10, finishing up with his daughter Jenny, five years behind Edward. If he doesn't know what he'll do with his new knowledge, he could go to Charlottetown and take a welding course. But there are no welding jobs in the area, and besides, "We're fishermen here and we like fishing and we're going to have to keep on fishing."

Florence knows what to do with her diploma, however, she's getting out to Toronto, where two brothers and two sisters have already fled. "I don't blame them," says Galt, "there's nothing for them here."

There are six words could make a Maritimer hysteric. The best and brightest of the young people grow up, look around, and pull out, and the trend is getting worse. Between 1951 and 1956, an average of 7,400 people fled the Atlantic provinces every year, between 1956 and '61, the figure reached 11,800, and in the next five years, a nearly doubled to 20,000. The men were those the area could least afford to lose. 81 percent of those who left in the 1961-66 period were under 25, in those five years the Atlantic provinces lost 64,000 young people between the ages of 15 and 29.

To Galtland, these tremendous losses are not numbers on a page, they are members of his family scattering across the land. His son-in-law's son, Loren, 17, will probably go to university, probably, if he does, he will

THE MARITIMES

leave, no, for in the Maritimes higher leaving is often merely a form of youthful misadventure. The circle is a vicious one — because the economy is sluggish, the young people move out; because they move out, the economy continues to be sluggish. Maritime Union would break this circle if it means, as the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council claims it would mean, greater efficiency, greater resource use and greater opportunities of loans. "Nobody who lives here wants to go," Gullett told me, "but they have to have some reason for staying."

When George Batts was a youngster, his father told him, "Whatever you do, don't be like me, stay out of the way of the city." The city was a place that drew him to the sea, and areas of Batts' lumber and steel did not. He stayed, because he liked the rugged economy of his birth, liked hunting and fishing and the quiet pace. After school — he got in for his grade eight — he tried farming, but that didn't work, and a job with the Department of Transport, but that wasn't steady and so, at 19, he went into the mine, driving a heave for \$3.64 a day. Mine work is hard, dirty, sometimes legal, Batts has broken two bones in his head and two in his foot in accidents. He enjoyed the conversations, away from the noisy pit and away two years ago, a mine was killed within a few feet of him by a runaway ore cart.

"It's a damned life," Batts says. "Nobody would go into it if there was anything else."

For many Cape Bretoners, there isn't even mining, and only water in Glace Bay or Sydney can see the men who used to work in closed-down pits sitting in the beer halls, some talking, some reading newspapers, some simply staring at the wall and wondering what went wrong. Despite everything, Batts' son Terry, who is 25, has gone into the pit. What else is there to do?

John Stewart Mill is a mine. "When the object is to raise the permanent condition of the people, small means do not merely produce small effects; they produce no effect at all." The heart of the dilemma facing George Batts family is that now, but small means have never been applied to the area where they live. What is needed is new industry to replace the old, but the industry is not drawn to the marginal economy of the Maritimes, and that economy can only be strengthened if it is efficiently run, tightly integrated and regionally planned. Provincial boundaries stand in the way of all this area. Although no fewer than 150 agencies have been visited by its residents, no progress in the Atlantic region, the system breaks down when it comes to such vital matters as placing industry where it will most benefit the entire area, and helping it to operate efficiently wherever it is located. "If all our varied co-operative works," says Arthur E. Fink, also secretary for the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council, "would we be in the picture we're in today?"

Firms coming into the Maritimes are lured by the tug of local politics and the size of the bribes each province can offer in tax concessions, loan grants and low-interest loans. The results are ideas unhappy for both the industry and the province. When Bathurst Mines Ltd. couldn't get the favour it wanted from New Brunswick, it dropped in P.E.I., where it obtained generous concessions, then failed, leaving the province heavily in debt. When Chlorine Sales Corporation decided to set up on the east coast, competing efforts from a struggling struggling industry with New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick Premier Louis Robichaud found out what was going on and broke off negotiations. Chlorine set up in Nova

Scotia with massive government support, but little success. Eventually the province took over administration of the firm, which has paid out more million dollars. The point is not that either of these companies should have gone to Glace Bay to give Terry Batts a job, but that industry must be located according to the laws of economic sense not provincial rivalry, or there will be few jobs for anyone.

However they arrive, firms trying to do business in the Maritimes must follow a bewildering array of rules to avoid such traps of three small markets. There are different sales taxes, health regulations and trading laws in each province. Maritime Co-operative Services Ltd., a large wholesaling firm, was forced to put shipping orders on two warehouses, so that freight could be shipped to most different points in each province. MCS must also accommodate three separate variations of such commonplace items as margarine and potatoes because of varying standards. These acts of labor laws, incorporation procedures and tax-collecting methods also add to the headache. MCS is not about to pull out — its roots are here — but how many potential industries in the light of even expensive bureaucrats, look over the Maritimes and pass on by?

APEC economist Arthur Parks argues that protectionism is a brake on the Maritime economy, and that only political action will give the area a chance to live up to its potential. "These won't solve all our problems," he says, "but at least it's a start."

Will that start ever be made? I believe it will, though not early and not soon. Five years ago when I first looked at Maritime Union, I found that, in general, New Brunswick was for it, Nova Scotia was against it (as the main proponent province, Nova Scotia fears it might be pulled down by the others) and P.E.I. viewed the project with reserve indifference. Since then, the increasing difficulties of the area and the continuing migration of its people have made some more positive, if only as a last resort. There is a gradually growing feeling that some sort of much better, and might do some good.

At the moment, the business community is marginally in favor and the political community marginally opposed. The businessmen are convinced with efficiency. Herman Horan, general manager of McCain Foods Ltd., in Moncton, N.B., told me, "I'm making economic sense, and that's good enough for me." The politicians are concerned about their jobs. A united legislature will mean fewer seats and more competition for them, and, although they don't like to say so out loud, few of them are willing to try their luck in a bigger pond. Two reliable co-operators are New Brunswick Premier Louis Robichaud and Opposition Leader Richard Blais (both supporters of union).

All that is needed to speed this way of war between business and politics in our new history, and there are two of them. The first is the impact of a new generation of voters impatient with old ways and more than willing to try the experiment of union. The second is the Maritime Union Study itself. Most Maritimers are conservatives by nature; they want to be shown. Through the publicity it is generating by its work, the study is showing them, if, when it reports next spring, the study favors union — and my guess is that it will, either directly or by attrition — that conservatism should be enough to get the union.

There will still be many problems to face from the choice of a capital (one way has suggested that it be placed on a large and low-lying province to protect it) to a union for the new province (suggested to be Maritime, Atlantic, Atlantic, Atlantic and Nova Brunswick), but within five years, I believe, the Maritimes will be on the way to finding the confidence John A. Macdonald raised in 1864. □



Harvey Currell: City Slicker.

Harvey Currell is our Union Affairs editor. He reports on Canada from our little pit in to report on the pits but the Toronto newspaper, and so to be watching.

He has one word, Mr. Currell explains, "Because of political boundaries the governments allowed are not yet able to deal with this huge integrated as a unit, but we hope, as a newspaper, to do so."

If you were to school in Glace Bay you may be familiar with one of Harvey Currell's works, a history of conservatism in modern theory. One you're a troublemaker you may have read his book, "The Rise and Fall of Ontario." Harvey Currell knows Ontario and he knows Toronto. He knows Ontario is one of the greatest centers in North America if it people are kept informed and have a voice in its destiny.

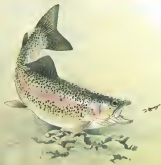
The Telegram cares.

HOW TO OUTSMART



To outsmart them, you must know where they live, how they move and how they think. Angling writer Taty Bennett has been learning — and watching — their tricks for forty years. Here's his strategy for beating five of the best:

FIGHTING FISH



1 RAINBOW TROUT

1

The rainbow trout delights in fast water. So you should seek him in the slick riffles above and below dams and rapids. In these places, in water sometimes so shallow it barely covers their backs, these beautiful scale-trimmed trout hang in almost suspended motion — waiting to hit your fly, sack of spores, worm, or best of all, a bright gold or silver spinner that can be tipped across the stony bottom. You snag fish the hard deep, top-top looping across the bottom, using an upstream cast and a flint retrieve that allows the spinner to touch but keeps it from

being snagged between rocks on the stream bed. Recorded to 52 pounds, stream rainbows average one pound, though the inland migratory fish often reach 32. In their native waters on the Pacific slopes, sea-run rainbows called steelheads run well over 20 pounds. Rainbow trout are found in every province, in brooks and rivers, lakes and in great waters where they provide an inland taste of steelhead fishing. But large fish or small, big water or little, you will catch more fish by keeping your lure right down along the bright water washed slopes on the bed of the stream.

SKETCHES BY MARTIN GLEN LORTON



2 PIKE

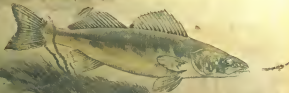
2

The pike is an efficient predator and you must fish for him with big lures, big spoons and the largest of plugs. The best of baits to tempt this beast of freshwater species is a dead fish of two or three pounds. You mount it with three gapehooks and allow it to wallow along behind a drifting boat. As streamlined as the spear that gives them their name, pike, sometimes called jackfish and great northern, attack from ambush, lancing out from weedbed, shoal or sunken tree. Then, swimming easily behind your lure, the fish sink into a curve and, using the drive power of a massive tail and rear fins, whip forward in a blur of motion and a side deflection that brings it out and in to grab the lure or bait broadside on. With both eyes facing forward, pike can judge distance well, although they are often attracted to baitfish or prey by struggle-baiting, the first attack is always by sight. So fish for them with your largest baits in the brightest water, close to the redbeds or wooded shoreline that gives them cover.

3

With spring water tugged and a deep-diving plug attached to the above-water leader, you scan the waters for the best place to fish. For though the yellow walleye is a popular game fish, it is not very bright. So the most important part of catching it is to locate where the schools of fish are feeding. Walleye are regulated in habits by light-sensitive eyes and in bright periods they feed in deep places by rods and off the ends of islands. At night and under lowering skies you fish far from the shallows. Walleye, which reach 25 pounds, are schooling predators related to perch. Like perch they attack from behind, grasping with sharp teeth at the tails of their prey, to close them down. In bright sunshine you see your boat past the end of an island, your deep-diving plug bumping slowly along, just touching the smooth rocky bottom. You get a hit. Over goes the anchor. You have found the school, now you see last and catch them one after the other.

3 WALLEYE



4

It is the hour after dusk. Downstream from where you are hidden on the bank, a big brown trout is rising to sip in a floating hatch of insects. This is the big carnival of the creek, on some days it will eat almost its own weight in other trout. To attract it, you be the largest fuzzy white moth in your box on to your toughest fly outfit. Sucked by the dark from the wavelike sight of the wing and running fish, you cast across and downstream and lead one to drift the artificial fly down to the deep hole under the roadbridge. The brown trout, a tough immigrant from Europe, has been planted in lakes and rivers throughout Canada, but you will find the best sport in the sheltered streams, in holes under banks and bridges. Some people fish for them with big dew worms, live baitfish, or even small live rodents. But the brown is the true quarry of the fly fisherman — for no matter how big the trout may grow they never cease to feed on insects. There is a gentle splash as the fish takes the moth. The pull comes, you set the hook and give battle.

5

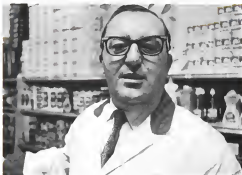
To catch lake trout, you must troll lures along the bottom of some of the deeper parts of some of Canada's larger lakes. For the lake trout, also called Mackinaw trout, gray trout and togue, is a deep-dwelling species adapted to a cold environment.

Basic gear, then, is heavy — a powerful rod and reel matched to the weight of sub-surface lure that provides the weight to send a big vibrating metal spoon lure down to run along the bottom in as much as 100 feet of water. You troll for this fish, known to exceed 100 pounds in weight, using tackle spacers that hook up rods vertically and draw the trout in its dark hell-world. Attracted first by struggle-vibrations, lake trout use their acute sense of smell as the line tapper for attack. You should always add the head of a dead minnow to the shark of the lure's hook. And if you want good fish, you must fish deep and on the bottom. □

A BROWN TROUT

B LAKE TROUT

meet an achiever



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CANADIANS YOU SHOULD KNOW



The white 'intruder' who's fighting for black rights

When Premier Ru Smith of Nova Scotia announced last December that 32-year-old Marvin Schiff, a former Toronto newspaperman, was stepping into the newly created \$16,000-a-year job as the province's director of human rights, the black community went apoplectic. Many worried out of their wits as the job. Schiff was concerned the appointment was an act of discrimination.

Upset, Schiff laid his new job on the line, demanded — and got — an immediate investigation of charges that black applicants had been ignored. It was an apparently bold beginning. (The official and widely accepted finding: unsuccessful candidates never got the courtesy screen they deserved, but there was no discrimination.) By then, Schiff remembered, every crisis of his appointment had advanced privately that their protests were political, not personal, and they would give me a chance.

So far, he's used the chance vigorously — helping to write the province's new Human Rights Act, which was passed in April; encouraging formation of community groups to tackle homelessness problems; consulting on such problems as summer employment for Halifax's black students and planning a program of public education on human rights.

Along the way, he's been winning respect from the black community. R. A. J. Wedderburn, president of the Nova Scotia Association For The Advancement Of Colored People and a member of the Human Rights Commission, says, "I believe he can do the job and should be supported." Donald Oliver, a black lawyer who is president of the Northwest Food Centre, comments: "He's better than an ordinary WASP. Being a Jew, Marvin belongs to an ethnic minority and can appreciate the situation."

Schiff sees equality. "I think I have a fundamental agreement with everybody. Now what we need is a revolutionary change at a revolutionary rate."

The hotline mayor who's got a whole town tuned in

In some cities you need a whole delegation to tell you to go to talk to the mayor. In Suitt St. Marie you can pick up your telephone any morning and tell Mayor John Rhodes a thing or two while the whole town listens in.

Rhodes, 39, a onetime traffic sergeant who got into broadcasting 12 years ago and politics six years later, has been mayor since January and somehow finds time to continue three other duty jobs: as an early-morning disc jockey, host of a one-hour, mid-morning program, *Hot Line*, both on station CHIC, and as evening sportscaster on the station's TV affiliate.

How does he manage it all? "I don't fish, I don't hunt, I don't golf," he explains. "But I also don't like to sit around." Not that he has the choice. He's up each day at 5:30 for a full morning at the radio station. Then it's over to City Hall for the afternoon, via the TV studio over the dinner period, then back to City Hall, usually, for evening music.



eyes, and about midnight. (His wife, 12-year-old son and two younger daughters count on seeing him weekends.)

Rhodes admits his local fame as a broadcaster helped him get into office easily (he ran elsewhere in 1983) but doubts that it's the main thing that kept him there. "I think after you're elected, people start to judge you on what you're doing. If they don't like you, they'll tell you."

Rhodes was already an alderman when the radio station got him started on *Hot Line*. At first, the show was dominated by callers wanting to talk about City Hall problems, and Rhodes had to handle them diplomatically and deftly. ("He thinks calmly on his feet," says an admirer, former mayor Alex Barry.) Now questions and comments segue widely in subject, with City Hall topics a minority. Even so, Rhodes believes the program is invaluable for the way it personifies the affairs of mayor.

"Very few people call us and say, 'Hello, Your Worship,'" he says proudly. "It's mostly, 'Hello there, John...'"

The fighting feminist who's at war with 'superior' men

If Bonnie Krupp, 32, is to destroy Canadian society as we know it (as first she intends to accomplish as soon as possible), she feels she should divorce her husband.

She's continuing living with him though. After 11 years of marriage, Ms. Krupp, as she prefers to be known, is still rather fond of Prof. Rodney Krupp of the University of Toronto and their seven-year-old daughter Lisa. Bonnie is a matter of principle: she's not anti-men, but as co-founder of the newly formed New Feminists, she's opposed to everything that subjugates women to men ("I got married before my feminist views hardened").

Lisa had to get "a make platform for my radical views," she became a member-interviewer on CTV's *W5*, made *A Reporter From Dances Under* a promotional TV film, and plans a sequel.

Meanwhile, she's promoting the NF and spreading the word. Only two months since its founding in a tiny upstairs from the Marxist-leaning publisher-the Women's Liberation Movement, her group was banking 35 members — all 100-percent hard-core radicals, some men and 14-year-old Lisa looks much apply, and their message breaks into components: women aren't challenging the whole socio-economic structure men use for keeping women subservient. Every woman must be free to live alone or with a man, to become pregnant or not to have an and have babies, free to choose to develop as a human being. "We have to get rid of the conugal family unit."

Does Prof. Rodney Krupp buy it all? For about eight aggressive points he didn't, but gradually he came around. Now, between getting on with his half of the household chores, he says with star-gazing conviction, "Liberated women make more interesting, more worthwhile life partners."



"The white-throat has one of the strongest territorial instincts," Falls explains, which is why he chose the sparrow. "It's part of a project to determine how some animals control their population. We've studied mice and several species of birds in Manitoba and Ontario."

Some of the things they're learning could prove useful in controlling human population. — at Falls says, people prove smart enough to master wildlife.

The professor who talks to the birds

This summer, Dr. F. Bruce Falls, 45, of the University of Toronto, has garbed his dummy frame in many-splashed linings to lead half a dozen aviary students into Ontario's Algonquin Park, looking for white-throated sparrows. He's not a very hard worker, he talks to sparrows through portable bird equipment.

On previous expeditions Dr. Falls tape-recorded the sparrow's chirps and whistles and sorted out their meanings. Now he can predict how a white-throat will react when a given phrase is played back. Falls is, of course, not the first person to notice that birds have an explicit meaning. "But we're taking it a step farther," he explains, "and breaking down each song to its individual parts."



We now know how to reproduce the sparrow songs that tell other birds such things as species, sex, location and territorial claims.

Once Falls set up a stuffed white-throat in front of his loudspeaker and played the song of an "outsider," the bird that had made a claim to that territory arrived swiftly and sang his "keep-away" warning. When the stuffed bird failed to retreat, the "young" bird attacked.

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The scientist who invented GILES to predict the future

What will life on our planet be like, say, the year 2000, if we keep poisoning our atmosphere, water and food?

For now, as better equipped to answer that question than Dr. Crawford (Boris) Holling, 38, head of University of BC's new Resource Science Centre. Specialists from various disciplines have often grappled individually with such questions, but Boris Holling had experts — in economics, planning, geography, land use mathematics, agriculture, forestry and systems analysis — pool their knowledge and feed it into a computer.

Co-ordinating the team was a touchy problem for Holling, an ecologist (one who studies natural forces between living things and their environment). Early on, critics had his own opinion — and his own territorial imperative. "Oh, the lights we had at first!" Holling says. "Initially he thought about get different kinds of things on 'Academic Expression' for the computer."

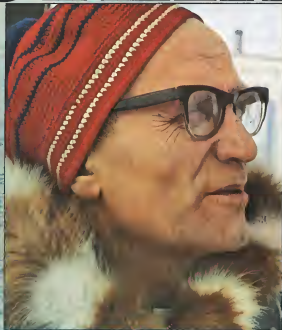
For their first project (dubbed GILES — for Gulf Islands Recreational Land Simulator), the team got the computer simulating conditions on the Gull Islands to show future effects of population growth. A chain of tourist hotels by 1975? The simulator would describe their effect on water resources, land prices, wildlife and quality of other factors. A "land bank" by 1995? Again, a response of detailed predictions.

Now three major U.S. universities want to set up their own versions of GILES and land developers and bankers are clamoring to learn its answers. Next project: an as-yet-unstarted study of the Vancouver region.

Is Holling depressed by these glimpses of the future? Far from it. "Five, ten years ago, I wouldn't have believed we could have the hope we have today."

"For the first time in history we have the desire to correct our mistakes — and the conceptual tools to do the job." □

STEINMANN



OF THE NORTH

ANDREW PETER STEINMANN IS A PRIEST. HE HAS BEEN AN ARCTIC MISSIONARY FOR 31 YEARS—AND HAS NEVER MADE A CONVERT. HE HAS BEEN TOO BUSY, SINGLE-HANDED, HE HAS REVOLUTIONIZED THE LIFESTYLE OF THE ESKIMOS OF ARCTIC QUEBEC. HE HAS BECOME A GIANT OF THE NORTH

By REV. JAMES FLECK, S. J.

Photographs by John Eichman

PUVUNINGTUE, ARCTIC QUEBEC: The hunter is an Eskimo and men call him Moses Smith. He is aging now, but still the head of his family and the proud provider of the food.

Last December, once the sea ice had formed thick on Hudson Bay, Moses Smith dipped a skin in water and rubbed it down the runners of his sled, building up a smooth thin sheet of glistening ice to ride across the snows. His son Adonne helped him harness the snarling dogs. Then the hunter set out alone for his ancient hunting grounds.

After six days on the sea ice, Moses reached the rocky shore of Cape Smith and headed north and east across the tundra toward his trapline. He began to calculate his profits at the price of six dollars for each fox pelt. But when he reached the trapline, there were no foxes at all.

Moses headed the dogs back south, toward a remembered quarry at the edge of the sea. He took out his axe and pick, then mined large chunks of slate, the soft soapstone that can be found in abundance along the shores of Hudson Bay. He lashed the pile of rock to his sled. The dogs snarled at this new, heavier weight, but under the lash they sped back south across the ice.

Moses had used up his fish. He had no meat and no furs. But these rocks would feed his family and keep the electricity humming in their five-room house. He could keep his refrigerator stocked with pop for the kids. He could still afford a few new records for his hi-fi, and fulfill his titling pledge at the little Anglican chapel.

Future wealth for Moses and his family lay encapsulated in those inert rocks. Inside each rock was a creature waiting to be liberated, a whale, a fox, an eagle. During the days ahead Moses would spend long hours gnawing over the hide of a red fox, carving away the excess rock that kept the little stone creatures locked inside. Each evening he would take his latest carving to the buyer at the Eskimo co-op in Pov. He could, with luck, make enough to pay the federal government the rent and utilities on the house they had given him. But, whether he paid or not, the place was his.





ESKIMO CHILDREN ARE CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE AS OTTAWA AND QUEBEC JOCKEY TO CONTROL THE SCHOOLS. STEINMANN JOCKEYS TO GET AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE FROM BOTH REGIMES — TO BENEFIT THE ESKIMOS

STEINMANN

say for the Eskimos of Pov. Steinmann had discovered an exceptionally good corner in one of the local Eskimo, Charlie Steinmann. The priest told Covey he wanted to start a self-run Eskimo operation selling Eskimo carvings. Would Covey help him and the Eskimos in breaking into the U.S. market? Covey replied by wiring Steinmann and Charlie in June at Cleveland. He asked them to bring samples of what they had for sale. Then Covey got together all his friends in the Cleveland area and held a reception for Steinmann and Charlie. The Eskimos and the missionary left Cleveland with more than \$5,000 in prepaid orders. The Pov. co-op was on its way to becoming a reality.

Steinmann and Charlie flew back to Pov. from Cleveland, talking over what they had to do next. Immediately after landing they contacted all 20 Eskimo carvers of that town and reviewed them to the mission for a meeting. The carvers were told to bring samples of what they had carved. When everyone had written down his estimates, the lists were handed to Steinmann, who took a quick average. That's how the prices were set. Each day after hours of carving, the Eskimos and Steinmann would sit in the big circles and price the statues. At first a look asked a whole day to price only \$5 carvings. But gradually Charlie began to know what the average was going to be and he took over in pricing again.

Today the carving buyer at Pov's co-op knows at a glance the value of any piece of carving. But the professional competitor has taken 10 years of patient education by Steinmann in the missionary process of figuring packaging costs, transportation, wholesale and retail markups, plus the dangers of overpricing in various categories of design or price. At first the Eskimos would get 50 percent of the final retail price. At the

Midwest's Bay Campaign they were getting just 10 percent. Because of the co-op, the Eskimos' share of the final selling price comes close to 60 percent of retail. This proportion has helped Eskimo carvers for three reasons: exclusively in marketing and promoting the sale of Eskimo products. But except for Peter Murdoch's salary and expenses, \$12,000 annually, and several other white people in the sales office in Cleveland, all the markups, except the final retail profit go to the Eskimos.

In 1958, from the first sales in Cleveland and elsewhere in the U.S. the Pov. co-op grossed \$17,000 and had a net profit of \$600. With this money Steinmann built a small store, but covered by a tent roof, the only permanent Eskimo building in Pov at the time. The co-op had a home, and the Eskimos had a concrete reminder of what they could accomplish through cooperative effort. Today that first fieldstone storehouse is an imposing, gable-roofed building at the lower end of the sawing building. The rocky crag at Pov is covered with modern stone carvings. The Eskimos have a storehouse, a house, an above-the-hill hotel, book building, a process of cloth-printing evolved by the natives of Inuitmen and found easily adapted to the Eskimo arts and crafts.

After the success of the carving project was assured, Steinmann and convinced the Eskimos that they should start a retail co-op store. At first the store handled only antlers, park, such as moose, reindeer, caribou, sheep, jewelry. But it started the Eskimos purchasing at the co-op store instead of the Hudson's Bay Company whenever possible. Slowly, the store expanded its range of merchandise and today it is a small department store, grocery, hardware and drugstore. At the store is the local equivalent of a bank, the Eskimo branch of Quebec's Caisse Populaire credit union.

There are several sources of Steinmann's success. The first is the money made from the missionary and that some Anglicans suspect Covey is his business associate. Another is his colorful, flamboyant personality. His trip chapel at Pov has delicately carved scenes of an Eskimo Mary

and Joseph on each side of the altar. His study contains some of the best examples of exotic Eskimo carvings to be found in the world. But the most valuable asset Steinmann has is that he is the most fluent Eskimo linguist in North America. In fact, the priest is so fluent, his knowledge of Eskimo lore and psychology so profound, that a slight undercurrent of resentment against Eskimo attitudes toward him is generally conceded that Steinmann stands better Eskimo than any Eskimo in North America. It is also felt, when Steinmann handles a missionary transaction, that his of Steinmann's personal philosophy somewhat of a hindrance. With the English or Eskimo way, either the English or Eskimo way, whichever way he is handling.

A few years ago, during a dispute over co-op management, Steinmann voluntarily left that he had been away from Pov. In just three months when the Eskimos petitioned the bishop to send Steinmann back, he came, with a mandate, so to speak, and he has not been in a time for words again.

The young Steinmann led a delegation of Eskimo carvers to Ottawa to confer with Prime Minister Trudeau. According to one man who was there (although Steinmann disputes this story), Steinmann had worked out the Eskimo strategy and he appeared only as an innocent bystander. The conversation was to be short. But as each Eskimo came forward to present a handwritten gift to the hand of Canadian government, Trudeau would put on his hand and accept the token. Only to find the Eskimo wouldn't let go. Instead, still clutching the gift, he would start a long speech attacking the government for neglecting the Eskimo. The Eskimo would be so moved by the Prime Minister to have the gift only after saying his mind. The awards came down in a request for \$150,000 in subsidies for new co-op industries in Arctic Quebec.

The five-minute interview stretched to an hour. The Prime Minister could hardly stand the Eskimo who was handing him a gift by cutting him short in his presidential speech. Whether or not Canada's Prime Minister over gave the Eskimos \$150,000 is an open question, but the voices of

the Eskimos were heard loud and long in the Great White Chief's big stone igloo atop Parliament Hill in Ottawa.

In Pov, the current Anglican priest, the Reverend Dennis Farry, and Steinmann is a friend and colleague, not as the religious apostrophe. They co-operate closely in working toward social-improvement programs. Farry's only criticism of Steinmann's mission operation is the Pop Shop, where Eskimo life-size bag carved with drunks, to the detriment of their land.

Since the Roman Catholic Mission doesn't have to provide extensive religious services, his tiny chapel is about the size of a large closet, one side of which opens up on Sunday for the seven Catholics who might attend the services. The largest action of the RC Mission serves as Pov's biggest assembly hall. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, Steinmann shows a movie (down up from the south). If the movie comes, Pov say a new show every week. If it doesn't, they show the same one over and over.

But all the Eskimos come two or three times a week. The priest is only 30 years old and an excellent English speaker. You want to sit on a folding chair. Most Eskimos don't mind standing, so each night at 7:30 the floor is filled with sprawling Eskimo families. Just in the south, the message says they love at the heart of the heart. For the grown-ups know enough English to follow a complicated plot. As a result, say stories don't go over well, but a short novel written in an Evin Preley style will pack them in. Since everyone in Pov comes at least twice each week to the movie, the co-op's gross runs to about \$130 per week. The sales at the Pop Shop. Afterward the co-op operates through on non-movie nights. Steinmann plays Evin Preley types each evening in the hall, plus rock-and-roll, so the youngsters have a new place to romp around. On Sunday night he gives a free showing of the movie again. All the money collected that night is turned for the Eskimos. Steinmann's only source of personal income is the \$920 he gets each year as postmaster.

Today Steinmann and his Eskimos are caught in the petal maelstrom that is taking place in Quebec slowly

pushes away and more federal effort out of the province. The battles being waged in Montreal and Ottawa are paralleled in the Arctic. So far Quebec is so financially strapped in the north that it has no money for the north. The Quebec school in Pov, built to compete with the federal school, burned down two years ago and has yet to be replaced. That Quebec officials are not joining the federal government's Northern Development area people to get out. But at the same time the federal people are lost, sooner or later, Quebec is going to take over everything they do. These officials aren't yet spending federal money that will be pulled up for nothing by Quebec. The Eskimos are caught in the middle. Steinmann's answer to the question is to try to get as much out of both governments as possible, playing off one against the other if necessary — anything, so long as the Eskimos benefit.

Quebec missionaries give rise to a language problem for the Eskimos, too. All Eskimo affairs have always been in English only in the federal school system. The children are taught English. The strategy by the Quebec government is to have Eskimo as the language of instruction in its schools in contrast with its own demands of a distinct culture and language. But since the Eskimos are a modern society, children will have to learn a foreign language. And this language in Quebec schools is almost entirely going to be French.

This gives rise to an increased religious tension as well. For French and Catholics are noticeably interested in the minds of many English-speaking Protestants. The Anglican bishop, Donald Marshall, in a pastoral letter to his flock, has warned of the possible results of French influence on their political and religious future. A number of English and English are very angry at the French Catholics that they feel north across Hudson Strait to the safety of English-Protestant Beluga Bay. However, some of the Eskimos were angered by the suppression of the church state, which has a public but clear message to the bishop that he

should keep his nose out of politics.

Although the Episcopalian Church in the United States for many years has been deeply involved in the economic and social apostrophe, in contrast in Canada, the Anglican Church has largely confined its activity, especially among the Eskimos, to a more exclusively spiritual ministry. The co-op program has been closely identified with the Roman Catholic missionaries.

Bishop Marshall is distressed by this apparent dichotomy. He wants his church to play an active part in improving the economic well-being of the Eskimos and thinks that the issue of his liver was misunderstood. He also thinks the Eskimo response was encouraged by Father Steinmann. Confering in the new may be to the bishop, one of the Anglican missions was present when the Eskimos drafted requests to build the bishop and CBC on the subject, and concludes that the reaction was a spontaneous Eskimo response to a primarily unpopular church document.

Bishop Marshall also questions the long-term effect of trying too closely the economic progress of the Eskimo to primitive handicrafts. The co-op policies of Peter Murdoch seem to preserve the Eskimos as a unique subculture and not prepare them for assimilation into a modern society. Marshall thinks that as contacts increase between the Eskimos and modern technological Canada, fewer of the Eskimos will preserve the primitive skills that were once closely connected with primitive societies. The bishop favors government programs that will allow home industry, as it is the case today, but will not require Marshall to be the Eskimo's preference for English-language instruction on the basis of a realistic appraisal of the relation of the Eskimo to the rest of Canada. He thinks the Eskimo should be equipped to communicate with the Canadians, not just the French Canadian missionaries.

The economic split has had a difficult time blossoming in the northern and hostile climate. One example will demonstrate the difficulty facing the design of both deconstruction. In Great White there is an In-

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five women named Naomi. Originally an Anglican, she had moved to Port George with her husband many years back. About 15 years ago the husband died and the woman became ill. She was placed in a Catholic hospital and became deeply attached to one of the nurses, a nun. Naomi became a Catholic. After her release from the hospital, Naomi returned to Great White settling among her relatives. But her Catholicism evoked deep rage against her. Her Anglican relatives would open her tent flap day or night and spit their dogs on her. When she left the tent, her neighbors would steal it and destroy the holy pictures she had stored about. They left in their place a copy of the Anglican Book of Common Prayer. After some years of this the women was so distressed she had a nervous breakdown. After her release from a mental hospital, the Great White Catholic missionary bid to provide a small shack behind the Roman Catholic Mission where Naomi could live safe from the hostility of her friends and relatives.

Today, some 15 years later, both the Catholic and the Anglican pastors in Great White are working together to diminish the long persecution of this isolated woman. But attitudes change slowly in the north.

Up in Fov, Anglican Dennis Perry and Oblate A. P. Stenstrom are doing their best to close the gap that has existed for centuries between their respective denominations. Every Wednesday night Stenstrom goes over to Perry's home for a discussion of current theological topics among the when Anglicans. Perry is soon welcomed at the co-op meetings. When the first conference of the Eskimo in Arctic Quebec took place recently, the Catholic mission lent the Anglicans the portable altar for the service in the Anglican recreational hall. The Catholic priest who was staying in Fov while Stenstrom was south on business was invited to the ordination of the new deacon, Ben Korpensak. When the priest took an inconspicuous seat at the rear of the congregation Bishop Marsh and the Catholic priest escorted to the very front, not unlike a parable Jesus told in the Bible.

In such small ways the attitudes of the Eskimo are slowly being transformed so that their religious, political, social and mental disabilities will enable them to survive the changes in lifestyle that must inevitably come. If the Eskimo is to survive in the years to come, this task must be accomplished by all who have his well-being at heart, the federal government, the province of Quebec, Anglicans and Catholics, all together. □



Lei on the Beachcomber



This is a picture of \$4,500,000 on the march

They march in the springtime. They march in the fall.
Teenagers march to pop tunes and veterans march
in kilts. By the end of the year, 400,000 will have
marched for \$4,900,000

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

FROM THE AIR the Miles For Millions march out of Branson must have looked like a mass evacuation, hauntingly evocative of Poland or Belgium 30 years ago. Certainly it was a strange spectacle to spot in Canada early on a warm, peaceful Saturday in May 1989. Perhaps some fool had finally pushed the nuclear button and that was why the people of this small and perfectly Ontario city just west of Toronto seemed to be fitting with nothing but the shirky clothes on their backs. By customizing a column of apparent refugees, 5,500 strong and 10 miles long, was winding northwest through the suburbs toward the heart of the Credit River valley.

Even for a bystander on the ground, the scene at first glance had the dimensions of a real and definite operation.

Sweating policemen patrolled heavily at clogged crossroads. Mobile units of the local emergency organization, radios barking, sirens wailing, pulled up and down the struggling herd of humanity like sheepdogs. At frequent checkpoints, constables of stations checked encouragement as they dealt out decks of peanut-butter-and-jam sandwiches and slaked thirsts with endless Dettol cups of pale Kool-Aid. Imperturbable-looking men wearing armbands belayed orders through electric megaphones. Volunteers from the St. John Ambulance Brigade scurried about like medics under fire, responding to unparaphrased cries for foot stockings. Buses stood ready to receive the stately and the exhausted who could plod no further.

The frequency of crisis vanished, however, as soon

march continued

as you studied the happy faces of the "refugees" and listened to their chatter. The mood of these marchers reflected mild satisfaction and — for Anglo-Saxons — an inextinguishable joy to have. Dressed for guests, delighting in casual surroundings, these people were weaving along to a melody of pop music and their own laughter. In spite of blustery winds and driving drizzle, they were obviously having the time of their lives.

Moreover, most of the marchers were schoolchildren, a rich cross section of the generation everybody is so worried about. They included a hard-core of teenagers such as Nancy Gies and bands of younger kids such as 10-year-old Stewart Sprague. Strung out against the soft-grass pasture, they cavorted under the soft-blue sky in a Post-Itter's paradise of innocent exuberance. If you ask Nancy, a grade 10 student, why she joined a 30-mile hike in 30-degree heat so enjoyable, she will flick her nine copper ponytails and say, "I happen to think it's a groovy way to spend a Saturday." Ask young Stewart, a born shaver with a face full of freckles and mischief, why he won't back home climbing trees at night, his hair and he'll tell you, "Because marching is fun, stupid."

Other age groups participated in the march of events and they found other satisfactions. Bonnie French, who was born only six years ago, tottered the full 30-mile route with her mother Rita because the dad's wasn't to be left out of things. "She got pretty tired during the last few miles," said Mrs. French, "but she wouldn't give up."

Charlie Burns, who was born 88 years ago, was walking because the cruise was good for him. For the second year in a row he was the oldest man in the Brantford area to make it all the way.

Steve Saunders, who works at the Ford assembly plant in Oakville, was marching because the cruise was terrific. "My co-workers have sponsored me to the tune of \$10.50 a mile," he explained as she strolled along in a mesh shirt. "That means I'll collect more than \$300 I've just got to finish."

A campaign that is groovy, fun, good natured and involves mass participation in a worldwide cause is the sort of thing ad men dream about in moments of wild frivolity. That is one reason why the Canadian Miles For Millions marches here, in this year, grows into a national institution and becomes what is probably the most popular fundraising drive in the world.

The second reason for their success is the winning psychology behind a sponsored march. Most of us find it painful to give away our hard-earned money to some anonymous charity. Somehow the process becomes less painful when there's a bit of a gamble involved, when

you are betting a dollar or relative that he or she can't go 10 miles in so. A man who would never give away \$30 in a leap nor finish himself doing just that when the proposition is expressed in terms of one dollar is ready.

Meanwhile, two forces are working on the people who actually do the walking. Not only are they determined to prove they can make it, they also have the immensely satisfying feeling that each step they take is helping the cause. Even if they drop out at the first checkpoint they'll have earned at least some money. The inspired formula for converting leisure into production was first developed by Orlan in England six years ago. When the idea was imported by Orlan of Canada in 1967 it quickly proved irresistible in a society that was about to lose Francis Elliott Trudeau as Prime Minister. After all, isn't this what the New Society and participatory democracy are partly about?

Last year's marches were motivated by 33 citizens and some 2,500 parishioners — including the lieutenant-governor of Alberta — walked a grand total of more than four million miles to raise three million dollars for overseas aid. This year 50 to 100 marches are planned. They were scheduled for during the spring or the fall to avoid conflicting with the local United Appeal campaign and by the end of the year it's expected that 400,000 walkers will have tottered that way in 54 weeks.

"It's a pretty remarkable national effort when nearly two percent of the population are directly involved," says Orlan's Henry Fletcher. "And this certainly is unique to Canada. They are walking in Australia, they're beginning to walk in the United States, and Germany is taking it up. But nowhere, not even in Britain, are people walking with so much enthusiasm as they are in Canada."

A consortium of 13 agencies, all with programs to assist international development, are now involved in the Miles For Millions campaign. The money, more opening some of about 16 percent, is accounted exclusively for use in underdeveloped countries. The "Millions" of the slogan refers not to dollars but to the number of human beings in the world who are starving, diseased and dying. A central co-ordinating committee with headquarters in Ottawa, is responsible for the national planning of the marches. The decision about which particular agency will benefit and in what proportions is left at the local level. In Brantford, for instance, only three agencies were involved — Orlan, the Y-World Service and the Canadian UNICEF Committee. In Toronto 10 shared the loot.

As night fell, expected, the Miles For Millions marches have become the latest element in the traditional autumn rivalry that is such a quaint and colorful fea-

ture of Canadian life. "Several cities have issued challenges to their opponents," says Henry Fletcher. "There's a battle royal between Edmonton and Calgary to see who can field the most marchers and send the most money." To the start this year, Ottawa became the city to beat after it put 73,000 on the road in April. A few weeks later Toronto topped that with 43,000 wearing the 12.5-mile walk and more than 124,000 following.

Compared with the army that marched up to the top of Toronto and down again five and 10 shorter, Brantford's smaller entrance of 5,500 looked like a mob. But it was nothing to be ashamed of for a maximum aim of roughly 35,000 people. And the amount of organization needed to mount a march even on that small scale was prodigious. Eight district high schools, two dozen primary schools and most of the churches in a 20-mile radius provided support in one form or another. "All told," said John Walsh, a member of the 16-man planning committee, "there were at least 500 adults actively engaged in making this work."

What the Brantford marchers may have lacked in numbers is up for in resources. The route followed the oft-abandoned Credit valley as far as the village of Glen Williams, then headed east through some of the pleasant farm land in northern Ontario before swinging back into downtown Brantford. Several of the marchers who took part had come from far away, lured by the attractive scenery. One such was Bill Henry, a 23-year-old perfume bottle currently in Toronto. But he dedicated his walk to the personification of Kipling's "Trump Boy." Since he left Glenfive five years ago he has looked over most of the happy roads that he would find the world — from Honolulu to Alaska — and walking in general he's found them good. "When he's inside, Bill always wears a kilt — 'It's the only cool way to walk' — and a beloved pair of tartan boots, and so-

gether by size. And when he talks of marches, he talks as a connoisseur.

"I did the Brantford march last year and made a point of coming again this year. It's not just the scenery. It's because you get a friendly sort of people on the march. They are easier to talk to than the crowd in Toronto or other big cities. I like a march that has some other ideas about generosity in it. And that's what I did in Brantford."

There is no rest involved in a Miles For Millions march. Everybody who finishes in a winner, no matter how late they arrive, will check in about 5 p.m. 10 hours after he had set out. Several hundred were ahead of him. He had been taking it easy, he explained, because he was planning to start a 25-mile ramble on the Bruce Trail at four the next morning.

By dark, 3,000 others had collected their certificates for completing the whole distance. They included a ragged platoon of the Lotus South Mills, a high-school group bearing a Confederate flag, and an overgrown youth who had naively strided along under the shade of a purple parrot. When all the sponsored miles were added up, the Brantford march had yielded more than 1,100,000.

When you realize the effort expended at Brantford was being duplicated in 75 other Canadian communities that week, you begin to appreciate how seriously Miles For Millions reflects the nation. This is a serious, youth-oriented way of raising money. Unlike other campaigns, it recognizes that Mr. Tambourine Man is no longer the Salvation Army officer convincing on a street corner. It may still be a long way from the United Way. But it isn't a march for

Nobody who has witnessed the Miles For Millions march could fail to be impressed by the spirit that motivates them. They are not like the mass marches, these demonstrations of something else that has gone wrong with the world. Rather, they suggest that maybe things are finally going right. □



A lot of kids march — Miss Burns having fun transient at the end of Brantford's 30-mile route, is just why they do it. They say "Because marching is fun, stupid."

"It's such a groovy way to spend a Saturday"

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLIVE WILSON



TRAVEL

Arichat is where the painters go

TAKING A stroll along the road outside the village of Arichat, Nova Scotia, I found to the south of the "the place where the painters always go." It's not hard to see why. Before you reach the small town of Arichat, you're on the coast of the Strait of Cans, stretching over from the Nova Scotia mainland to some other powerful water to a series of support stone islands in your face. One of these islands sports a lighthouse — a stark white against the green grass and blue sea, another sign to how a colony of gulls, which wheel and dip with graceful wings and powerful cries, off a third island to Arichat. Arichat is a small, quiet town, one of the most popular tourist destinations in the Atlantic province. It's a small, quiet town, one of the most popular tourist destinations in the Atlantic province. It's a small, quiet town, one of the most popular tourist destinations in the Atlantic province.

Feeling off the main road, but down by the water, looking for a place to eat, I found a small, quiet town, one of the most popular tourist destinations in the Atlantic province. It's a small, quiet town, one of the most popular tourist destinations in the Atlantic province. It's a small, quiet town, one of the most popular tourist destinations in the Atlantic province.

View of the 1800s houses in Arichat, Nova Scotia, one of the most popular tourist destinations in the Atlantic province. It's a small, quiet town, one of the most popular tourist destinations in the Atlantic province. It's a small, quiet town, one of the most popular tourist destinations in the Atlantic province.

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The first French adventure in Canada described a game of disguised warfare. They called it "la crosse" from the implement used by the Indians. It seemed to be just another pastime involving sticks and puck duty. Now, thanks to the opposition's hand this game between "teams" and ball.

Oh yes, the ball. It was made of inflated and toughened swinehide or, in the case of a ball, and very rarely in Canada, in fact, the way the Canadian Indians played it, there was a gourd-shaped ball in a "crosse" or stick. When the French proscribed were issued to participate, they gradually declined.

The play after all, took place in a big open field with no place to hide. But was held because 17th Century style, it has been a distinctive Canadian game (or one term involving hockey is a popular) ever since.

Today's game is much the same. We've heard it to confirm the referee. And we've heard a few rules to cut down on the fustian. But the famous stick's best and is still a de facto weapon, and the ball is clearly as hard and easy to hit as that.

But Lacrosse is one of those sports in the coming year. The 1988 Jeux Canada Games 1988 in Halifax/Dartmouth for ten days, August 15 to 25, the city of Canada will be focused on that youth. Their respective spirit will be involved in Canada. These are Canada's first Summer Games. Now the city is the privileged host. The Canada Games Committee is charged with the responsibility of organizing and supporting the events for 2,300 young athletes from 10 provinces, not to be excluding these young competitors and the some thousands of spectators who will come to see these persons.



jeux canada games 1988
halifax/dartmouth
august 15 - august 25



Asians are bilingual (the same cannot be said about their English speaking neighbors) and as far into some whose grasp of their mother tongue has slipped to the point where they can speak French but not read or write it.

At one time Ancho was a considerable town, center of a thriving sheepskin and industry, home of the first cathedral in native Nova Scotia, and the original site of St. Francis Xavier University, which was moved to Antigonish two years after its founding in 1863. One symbol of the visitors' former glory is the razed L'Anse-au-Loup, now a desolate mission furnished with ancient artifacts, another is the Catholic church, the former cathedral, which dates back to 1818 and features a magnificent altar painting executed in 1818. Father Alexander the Pioneer, a brave cheerful and knowledgeable man, likes to combine a tour of his diocese's history with an anecdotal account of local history. Once, he told us, on the island's holiday, a local station went to visit Sydney and returned back. "If Sydney appears to grow, it is going to become a large in Ancho."

Although there is little organized restaurants, no one needs to be heard on its Madras. Beaches are numerous and swimming, the scenery is unspoiled and the fishing, either along in freshwater lakes or out on the Strait of Cans, is mostly excellent. In fact, even with lake parties and in the fishing grounds — about half an hour's run from Ancho — for about \$15 in boats that hold from 10 to 20 people, it is possible to get an afternoon's sport for two or three dollars. The fishing is done by handline and the quarry is pollock, mackerel and codfish. In the early summer, with the addition of mackerel after about the end of August. Those are found in the island lakes.

But you don't have to go fishing. The Madras is a lovely spot for doing nothing much, for sitting in the sun, swimming along the waterfront at Ancho, or driving a few miles down the road to Little Anne, a quiet cove full of waterfront fishing shacks, stacked fishing pots and modern houses of small children who swim out on the road to rent and earn in pennywise. If you have the time for it, you will find a full-page plot at Fox the first (professional) "Patty the Girl."

A while back, a confused newspaper writer visited the Madras and found it to be "a bit of the French world of the 17th" in the intense delight of the locals who haven't the faintest notion what France was like in that world-renowned, now bloodied, century. But know good home here when they said it. Visitors will show up, necessarily, looking for Old World customs, stately mansions and beautiful gardens in present houses. There are none. In fact, with its few farmhouse-style houses, its packing plant and next frame villages, the Madras has a scrubbed and modern look compared to most of Nova Scotia. No matter. The friendly atmosphere, superb scenery and moderate prices make the place well worth a detour for anyone traveling in the Maritimes. WALTER WINSTON

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THE CHILD OF THE ALCOHOLIC

BY PHILIP SYKES

“**M**y father mostly starts on a Thursday and drinks until he gets sick. Then I have to look after him. I bring him a glass of milk and clean things up when he's been sick all over the living room”—Jerome

JEROME is 12. He is the son of a marketing executive who works in downtown Toronto and lives in suburban Etobicoke. Jerome's expatriate mother and Jewish parents are rumpled and scared. He is thin and quick in his movements, his face intelligent but not happy. His eyes have red rims.

Jerome is not a boy you would notice in a crowd and he is indeed little noticed in the tall brick house he shares with his parents and two sisters, and in the nearby primary school where teachers add him a difficult pupil. He is being noticed now, he understands, because there is something badly wrong with his life, something related to the brown-paper bag his father carries home on a Thursday

to quarters in the middle of the night, to padded Saturday morning trips he and his father never make. Jerome is being noticed because his father is an alcoholic.

Because he is being noticed, Jerome is, with sympathy, he is eager to tell. He sits in a low chair in a brightly furnished room in the Ontario Addiction Research Foundation on Toronto's Moore Street, across the cul-de-sac from Margaret Clark, a tall, grey-haired social worker. Her expression is thoughtful. Only occasionally will she nod in understanding or ask a short question. Jerome is pouring his heart out.

Margaret Clark, who is unmarried, has spent a lifetime helping out other people's families, which have been hit

concern since she graduated in a social worker from the University of Toronto in 1935. The particular concern with alcohol started 16 years later, when David Anishchik was sent up the Ontario Penitentiary. "Help us out for a year, Marg," he said, she has been helping out ever since. During the 15 years she has worked on the streets with alcoholics, Lurie has the best studied and contributed to the vast body of research literature on the alcohol problem. She has found a comprehensive gap. "At all levels of research and treatment, the alcoholics have been grossly neglected."

Yet as it was the literature did not explore "the full alcoholic alone responsible for the breakdown of his family life." Are children harmed by drinking bouts at by the (forced) relationship between the alcoholic and his wife? Should the drinker alone receive treatment, or his entire family?

The intelligent Jerome is one of 115 children she selected to help her find answers. Fifty-eight other boys and 56 girls have joined out their thoughts to Margaret Clark. They are between 10 and 16, all from Metropolitan Toronto, more than half of them from middle- or upper-class homes. These 115 children are from 62 families that contain 72 alcoholics. In most of the homes the mother is an alcoholic, in 43 the father is 10 both parents. All the fathers have jobs and have been married a good while years. All 124 parents are between 35 and 50 (the crucial years — an alcoholic's drinking pattern is almost always established by the age of 43, which is the average age of the Canadian alcoholic. His life expectancy at this point is 55 years less than that of the non-alcoholic).

The answers of these children are promising a new and disturbing portrait of life as it is lived by the sons and daughters of alcoholics in the different variety of urban Canada. This portrait is of obvious importance to the one million Canadians involved in the lives of the country's 256,000 alcoholics, it may also be of interest to the families of the estimated nine million Canadians who drink with varying degrees of moderation. For if alcoholism is defined as drinking that cannot be consistently controlled, then even always be a stable fraction of an even million on these concepts, it is a dangerous, no-overestimated between part drinking and being alcoholic.

Sometimes he comes into my room and sits on my bed or lies on it when I'm in bed. He says that Mom doesn't love him, that no one does, or he says he's a lousy father. I get so upset I don't know what to say. I just cry and cry until Mom comes home. I try to push him off the bed, but he just stays there saying all these things.

Early, Jerome remembers a time when things were not bad at home. He remembers vividly one New Year's Eve — he was five — being awakened by a man bringing his father home, angry, weeping. The sound of his father's shoulder rubbing along the wall by the stairs, an exclamation, a groan and then a long-spring crash. Jerome rushed from his bed and saw his father lying head in the foot of the stairs, blood on his head, his mouth stupidly open. That is the scene Jerome remembers from a night of confusion — his mother sobbing, sobbing, sobbing, the police — that and the thought that his father was dead. Jerome

does not know it but the alcohol records show that this was the time his father was creating the line from "social drinking" to alcoholism. His came home that New Year's with a hangover, head sweating, shivering, but soon began a long slide through Saturday-night benders and soft-souled drinking to a permanent and near-obsessive threat for escape.

In recent years, Jerome confesses to the understanding Margaret Clark, there have been times when he wished his mother would let his father "keep right on drinking and then he'd be drunk himself." Three times the parents have separated and the three children have heavily experienced a more peaceful life with their mother, each time Jerome's mother "gets sick and lets him come back." Sometimes Jerome's father is out drinking for days, but when he is home "everything in our house is just to keep Dad from being upset." It is a house on roller skis, in even a small corner. Will this upset Jerome? Will they start a quarrel? "You feel like you're not a child, like you're sort of grown-up and have to watch yourself."

He likes to avoid his parents and their quarrels. He is apart, even from his sisters. All the people he knows up apart sometimes a bunch of kids. I don't care about any of them — Mom. Dad. My sister. Everybody." He knows there are parents who "pay some attention to their kids, really know what goes on." But they sit a long way from his experience. At 12, Jerome is an outsider.

Sometimes when he's sober he's like a father should be... When he's sober he's so nice that I wish he'd drink all the time... I wish he'd be one or the other. I don't really know him.

Alcoholism has seeped down deep into Jerome's personality. He looks inside and finds his father, Margaret Clark has heard this more and again in her last talk with him, these she calls her "forgotten children." She hears it from Sally, a pale and sleeping girl, the 14-year-old daughter of a wealthy contractor. "Sometimes I feel sorry for my Dad," says Sally, "and then again I get so mad I hate him. I hate both of them. They're not happy and neither are we, even when he isn't drinking."

Jerome and Sally — Margaret Clark notes the parallel in their stories. "Both have feelings of inferiority, confusion, frustration, anger, rejection and isolation. Both are depressed about the future. Because such has developed many of the characteristics of alcoholism. I found myself wondering whether one or both might some day be likely candidates for alcoholism."

The worst times are when Dad hits Mom.

One thing Margaret Clark has learned quickly from the children, drinking parents are only a minor part of life in an alcoholic household. The point is demonstrated dramatically by children from 15 homes where the alcoholic parent has been abstinent for at least a year. The atmosphere in those homes is not markedly different from those where there is heavy drinking. The drinker has gone dry but the destructive attitudes of alcoholism remain to hurt his children.

It is the hate between parents that hurts the children most.

Jerome yields: "One time when he was hitting her, I ran up and hit him as hard as I could with one of my toys

CHILD

continued

— I don't even remember what it was — and after that it was just a blur. I don't remember what happened." When drunk, Jerome's father starts belittling his wife's family, inevitably his wife starts yelling back. "Even when I'm in bed I hear it," says Jerome. "You can't even get away from it, but sometimes you have some peace from the drinking." Often, his mother won't sleep with his father and Jerome's nights are punctuated by his father's shouted demands that she come to talk in the rec room.

The shouting goes on until "they have a fit fight, it comes down from any room and start to fight with Dad, too, but it doesn't do any good. He calls her in. She just takes it and tells me to go back to bed, but I can't go to bed. You get left hapless."

Sally's experience is similar. "I keep wishing I'd just drink like other people. But the nagging and the fighting are worse than the alcohol. It's like Mom's tormentum."

Psychologist James H. S. Bussard has explained that it is greatly damaging for a child to see his mother hurt or distressed. He says that children who are told to "be nice" to become better, calculating, full of hatred for a parent or an entire family group. And Margaret Cork feels that such fighting leaves deeper scars than drinking scenes. Here is her analysis of the things that most worry the 113 children:

Parents' fighting, quarreling	86
Lack of interest in alcoholics parent	52
Lack of interest in non-alcoholic parent	73
Unhappiness of parent	39
Disrespect	6
Drinking	1

Sometimes we go to school in dirty clothes because Mom's too tired to do the washing.

Jerome's mother is a nurse in a hospital. She struggles to care for her children, get paid, and rush home. She complains that parents who give their alcoholic husband or wife in the end the most serious, stand-up fights with her. There is an anxiety about her spouse. As Jerome puts it, "I sometimes think if Mom didn't get so mad, my whole entire thing to live, he might just drink in peace. But she can't stand to keep yelling any more than she can stop drinking."

Almost half the children in Margaret Cork's survey have working mothers and almost all of these children have some negative feeling about it. But one third of the children with working mothers say that it does not matter. Their mother is no longer important.

You can't really talk to Mom about this, or anything. She just talks about her worries, never seems to care about yours.

For Jerome, the parental pain is vast. To say he is hurt would be to underestimate the agonies that ensue from it. He sees his mother competitively discarded in his father's mind as he father is in the bottle.

Most of the 113 children told Margaret Cork that their alcohol-addicted father. Only two enjoy a close relationship with alcoholic fathers, only five with non-alcoholic mothers. In most cases they feel rejected by both parents. In

families where the mother does the drinking, the children can't get close to the father because he's too busy with his job and the chores at home.

Many of these marriages, Margaret Cork realizes, are sustained by as little as one sense of responsibility for children. They persist by a process of "extreme role-reversal," Jerome himself gives a hint of this. Talking of his mother's attitude, he says, "I used to let her nag me but now I start talking back to her. I guess I do things to make her mad but I can't seem to help it."

Extreme genetic inheritance — and Jerome is caught in the middle.

Mostly we all fight or are mad at each other.

Jerome complains: "My sisters and me, a crybaby." Sally complains: "We kids all fight just like Mom and Dad. There's no way to get away from the fighting unless you leave." And Margaret Cork, infatigably holding her survey, says: "In all age groups there was an emotional amount of discussion and repetition among brothers and sisters. Generally there was little warmth; instead there was a deep sense of hostility and resentment. The words of one child best described their feelings: 'We all get up and start our own wars — nobody can show you how I'm!'"

I'm always at the bottom of the class. It makes you feel dumb.

"I can't think about things properly," says Jerome. "I never have any peace to do my homework. At school I always feel mad or sad. I can't stop thinking about how things will be and so I get bored." Jerome is in the middle age-group of the children under survey, his report on school is not out of the norm.

School keeps getting tougher for the child from an alcoholic home. These under 12, observe Margaret Cork, often like it and even say "You can stop thinking about things at home when you're down." But from 12 to 14 are starting to feel like Jerome; they find it hard to concentrate. Over 14, there are feelings of awe or even top grades — and the deadly realization that Father will drink the money that could send them to college.

I don't really know anyone. I don't think the kids like me much. They ask me to do things with them and my eyes are all red from crying and I won't let them see me, so I mostly say I can't go.

How many Canadian 12-year-olds play solitaire? Jerome does. And he watches a lot of TV, plays cards with his younger sister. "I just feel alone. I no longer feels loneliness. I feel a friend of being needed or left away far. Even if I had a friend, it wouldn't hang him home. I'm afraid he'll hear the fighting or see my Dad."

Sherry, almost an adult, says she has 113 children. Few are closely involved in community groups, though one 16-year-old boy did become involved in a camp director, later explaining, "He was like a father to me."

The older children in the sample seem peculiarly deprived. For them, the yearnings of adolescence are stillborn in bitterness, the time of daydreams and the dream

of unknown is warped. "I used to think I could be a teacher but now I know it's hopeless to try."

Thwarted and untrusting, many are already developing a resentment toward authority — "One of the major characteristics of the adult alcoholic."

I can't do anything. Do you understand? I CAN'T DO ANYTHING!

Jerome's view of his place in the family comes out in an angry cry of helplessness. All the children show this frustration. Through her 113 interviews Margaret Cork draws a profile of the impact of parental alcoholism on the children, as the children themselves judge it.

One hundred and eight of these children lack self-confidence, 89 feel ashamed, 81 report anxiety, 55 feel hostile to their parents and others, 73 worry constantly about being "different," 70 show an "overall sense of anxiety," 54 are at odds with authority, 10 dream of escape from the family, 44 feel they've grown up too fast, 48 are uncomfortable with the opposite sex, 46 worry about not being liked; 31 can't think anything, 25 feel hopeless but bravely accept their situation.

After repeated readings of the interviews, Margaret Cork groups the children in terms of the damage they have suffered:

Slight damage	9
Fairly serious damage	36
Very serious damage	52

Those listed as slightly damaged are young, they make some positive identification with one parent. Fairly serious damage means being constantly at odds with one or both parents, though still keeping a tie with the family. These children, Margaret Cork judges, would be helped by counseling. Those very seriously damaged show an attitude of "constant resentment or open hate" to their parents. With one exception, long-term therapy for the children will grow into adult counseling.

Alcoholics don't want to think of anything but themselves, or they want to forget something. It's like there's a door and they won't open it because they're afraid, so they drink.

Life has taught Jerome exactly what an alcoholic is: 55 of the children echo him. They say an alcoholic is a person who has to drink to escape. Another 29 say it is unhappy, sick or closed off life. 27 see him simply as one who drinks constantly.

I don't think I'll ever think of it. I might get to be like Dad . . .

Few children have told Margaret Cork they are drinking regularly. They say "seeing the most disturbed drinking group of the group." Two of them have experienced "pulling out." The children who are seriously affected are few.

But Margaret Cork worries about the future of the 113 non-drinking children as much as the five drinkers, even though most of the latter group say they won't drink when they grow up. "Afraid of getting like parents" is the commonly stated reason. Only 37 say they might drink occasionally or in a moderate way.

She calls that "a significant number" prepared to drink, continued on page 26

She looked into the life of 62 families in turmoil; now she sees a way out

When Margaret Cork goes to become Anne Turner's back-story on a Sunday afternoon many people greet her on the street — most are from families she has helped in 55 years of social work. When she took an Avon holiday in 1912, she found the cupped mouth was showing her room in the Japanese-style hotel in front with a family of Korean children — they had a lot of fun though they had to use one Japanese. When Anne took her study of 115 children of alcoholics appeared in Toronto newspaper this year, she got phone calls from professional people who had grown up in alcoholic households, the cupped smile of this one — doctors, nurses, an architect — on to an informal "couples' comment" and put them to work in her post-consultation service.

She is a professional social worker who likes people. The feeling comes through in her report on the children of alcoholics, which is a bit published now mostly by the Ontario Alcoholism Research Foundation under the title *The Forgotten Children*. It is a very interesting study, one of the best of its kind in this country, it would say something like this. Those of us who have been sufficiently favored by family and fortune not to be alcoholic should do some little thing to help the not-so-fortunate people who have not. Alcoholism, Margaret Cork argues, is too big for professionals to handle alone, and alcoholics — delinquent, lonely people who they often are — do not belong in a social phase.

It can help for instance if you realize its support to drink a new alcoholic turned husband before his family even be damaged. (The danger is not.) If drinking plays a big part in your daily life and there is delinquency in your home, you are in an alcoholic situation."

It helps when a family problem is recognized as a family problem. For Anne a drinker "does not" and so he is closed. But the 113 children Margaret Cork studied showed that an alcoholic's worst obstacle does not come from his family's wealth. A social worker should consider visiting the facts.

Help — after intense treatment — is needed by the non-alcoholic mother, though often she does not know it.

Most of all the statistics children may be helped. If the parents reject this, as they often do, the children should be treated alone, particularly those over 15 who can handle self-counseling or treatment without their parents' consent. Name was help individually, offers through the community. The first state of schools and churches. Margaret Cork recommends that we need for day-long family life education and group counseling. The Reverend Gordon R. Stewart, now vice secretary of the United Church Board of Evangelism and Social Service, agrees. He mentions his church has undertaken many of the Cork recommendations, by using its people for counseling, day-care and support centers and by its emphasis on family life education. In Miss Cork's opinion however, only one church in 50 is doing all it could.

Employers could help — by following the example of organizations that make an alcoholic's continued employment conditional on his taking treatment. Professional associations could suggest children of alcoholics from their ranks.

Margaret Cork started her work with families who alcoholics were social lepers and her essential concern has not changed in a society when "good" and "evil" are the words that shock. But because the time is so much changed, she can no longer be a social leper and speak without comment, with the support of doctors, nurses, an architect, and her own experience as a leper to help the alcoholics, his wife and his child.

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And those who say they will always may be unable to. "The fact that there seems to be underlying personality disturbance in all the children suggests that, should any of them turn to alcohol to meet their emotional needs, there is then a very real possibility that they will become alcoholics."

The experience of two generations supports the view. During her months of interviewing the children, Margaret Clark has looked at the clinical records of their 32 alcoholic parents. These records show that two thirds of the alcoholics' fathers and 10 percent of their mothers were described as alcoholics. She also studied the records of the 32 non-alcoholic parents, half of whose fathers were noted alcoholics. Summarizing the backgrounds of the parents, she says, "It strongly resembles the picture presented by the children I interviewed. It is a background of alcoholism, financial difficulty, premature assumption of adult responsibilities, parental rejection and parental unavailability. Many of these parents, when they were children, must also have been fearful, frightened and in conflict."

She concludes: "While many things are not known about these two generations of parents, it seems clear that alcoholism — like other aspects of negative family life — may well be passed from generation to generation and is likely to continue to be passed on unless there is some kind of intervention."

... But then, everybody we know takes a drink or two, so I might.

There are new faces today in the bright room with the coffee table where Margaret Clark does her interviewing, new children. She has launched a youth counseling service. Battered children come to talk to her regularly, many are from middle and upper-middle homes that have no other contact with social agencies. They range in age from 12 to 30 and they are referred, when necessary, to counseling physicians and psychiatrists.

Because of this counseling, she believes, these 20 "new" youngsters have a better chance of making it as healthy adults than the 115 children in her study. Their parents give permission only for them to participate in the study and few of them are sure at the new eleven. Jerome does not stand.

It's too late for us. He'll never stop drinking so you just have to accept it until you can get away from the family. ☐

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SMILE

Today's fashionable dog is bigger than you are and it's your turn to be his best friend

To . . . what? . . . To . . . who?
What can the weekly bark?

SOMEtimes — to what to who — you can't help wondering what sets Canadian, particularly now that they're going in for breeds of big dogs with backgrounds of bulldozers, loaded gunners, moose, drawbridges and Viking ships, bred for bulling bears, poking down elk, and fighting great European wolves. A few years ago, poodles were so popular they showed signs of taking over the hairdressing industry. Now one of the most popular dogs is the Great Pyrenees, an enormous dog, which is the 15th heaviest dog of all breeds around the world. Of course, wearing a collar with 15-inch spikes, and today a collar so well in Sarnia, Ontario, that Armi Kananak are getting orders from all over Canada. The St. Bernard, a 100-pound dog used for locating people under mountains, is selling like hotcakes in Sarnia. There's more of the requests received by the von Klucher Kennel, which can tell all the pups they can produce, are from people who already own two St. Bernards and want three. This is a quantity of happiness almost a quarter the weight of a Roubidoux American.

The Afghan, a hunting dog of Egyptian lineage, has become a commander's favorite, and so has the Dalmatian, a dog that more than a century ago in England resembled the footman who ran ahead of a carriage, shouting, "Make way for my lord."

The Great Dane, a dog originally bred because of his weight, speed and endurance to kill wild boar, is so popular that Sheldene Kananak in Pickering, Ontario, reports that pups are sold even before their parents have set. A white Great Dane with black spots creating an effect that you just finished eating a beef's head to late make me set you back \$500. The Great Dane can measure

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

WHEN YOU SAY 'HEEL'



17 inches at the withers even before it raises its head, which is nearly a foot long from back to end of its snout as much as it is from elbow to wrist and rolls on its back like a pony. When it playfully rears and puts its paws over a total of 24 square inches of a house-painter's shoulder, it's taller than anyone under its first few inches. The power of these dogs is incredible. A woman in west Toronto, who is believed to be nervous even of dogs that own hide under reared

players, looked top one day and saw her silver-beach fence moving toward Royal York Road and finally realized it was being moved by a Great Dane belonging to a new neighbor who had gone for the latest fashion in dogs.

The Irish Wolfhound, which according to one breeder is now a "passage dog" and which one kennel-cub books describes as the dog that "brings fire into the picture of the feudal life of the Middle Ages" is a breed you couldn't buy

in Canada seven years ago. Now there are three breeders listed in the 1990 *Dog Breeders' Yearbook* by the magazine *Dogs In Canada*, with more coming along. The Irish Wolfhound was used for hunting the Irish wolf and against European elk and it was used to guard the castle. According to an early report, these dogs can see in any man's face "whether he means him well or ill," and you better mean well because the Irish Wolfhound is even bigger than a Great Dane: when it stands on its hind legs to greet a caller it will hit your water under seven feet.

These dogs aren't being sold to signposts or mailed duties. More and more of our's breeds are going in for them. Broadcaster Ken Lefkowitz is a beakholder, known as a promoter's night dog, that weighs 120 pounds when it runs for a romp around the duchy. It was bred to knock down pouches and stand over them until the square ride up and give the fellow a thrashing. This is no main foldable. Baskerville's is to be muzzled and set to knocking people down just for sport. Lefkowitz is a hunky man I'd judge to be about five-foot-11, and his dog often kneels him down.

Another breed of mine, a dairy, vivacious French-Canadian woman, who goes to the same heads as I do in Florida in the winter, owns a Weimaraner, a breed that is selling on the web site according to Lefkowitz Kennel in Surrey, BC, and which is sure more and more frequently passing from suburban websites in the past. These used only to be seen perching out of redwood French tapestries, only pointers owned them, and they were used to hunt bear, boar and elk.

My friend can't hold hers. It's a big mouche-colored dog with steel-looking eyes, black legs like a Green Bay Packer and a lot of weed rules. It's always digging deep holes and one day on the beach it went down about a foot and a half and came up with a T-rex's wrist. Its owner said it looked the watch by the street of the whole of on the beachings, which she said acts on Weimaraners.

or, anyway, on her Weimaraner, as an acquaintance of mine said to me with a watchmaker and he looked at me as if I had said I was Captain Alack, they haven't used white oil on watches for years. My friend, incidentally told me that Weimaraners are also used to locate fragments of exploded rockets in the air, as was at Cape Kennedy. Weimaraners are made of 85 pounds of sheer muscle and this one has pulled my friend flat on her face a couple of times. The only way you can stop it is to shake it. But you don't choke it just anywhere you

turn to get the chest on a certain part of the neck and often my friend can't find it.

Although the new trend is medieval feudal life is taking place primarily in the affluent suburbs, people in more congested areas downtown are trying to buy baronial backgrounds at higher prices from the city people. The Toronto Humane Society gets 10 calls a day for what functions call "the larger breeds," and what Humane Society men who have to push them out. Big aggressive dogs. One of the reasons usually given when you see someone who's creating the Canadian barking syndrome is that Canadian want guard dogs, and if the trend keeps on it's going to change the existing habits of the nation. A Great Dane at Pickering welcomed friends who dropped in on its owners, who were out for the evening, but when the friends tried to leave it stood guarding the front door from the wrong side, with burst flags (a sign you don't want flags) and wouldn't let them out. They were still there at three in the morning when the owners came home.

This trend of guard dogs of being confused about what they're supposed to guard is well known to Humane Society workers. One of our greatest heroes, Inspector Roy Green of the Toronto Humane Society, a quiet, earnest man —

who, incidentally, has an unimpeachable reputation of the current fed on his dogs "I think, well, like one person gets a big dog and other people say maybe we should get one" — told me of a big dog, part Newfoundland, that usually guarded a scamp in downtown Toronto, but when got off the property. Away from the scamp the dog was friendly and good-natured and would get on the Humane Society track of its own accord, vowing its tail, but once on the track it started barking. Green and wouldn't let him get off. If he did manage to get off it wouldn't let him get on again. When the dog was finally picked up at the owner's request, a man named Bruce Turner, a steel man who was going to make the car, was warned of the dog's habits and told to be sure to get the dog when it was off the scamp, but he said to quit worrying and that he could handle it anywhere. The next week they got from him he was in Western Hospital with a chested chest.

The Norwegian Elkhound, a dog bred to guard elk in Norway and to defend Viking farms from wolves and bears, is now showing up on the new trend to the extent that a pup, which sold for \$35 five years ago, now goes for as much as \$150. Like all dogs, the Elkhound crosses a hiker's danger from bear by (a) finding more bear, (b) highlighting it for his owner with the bear chasing it. Don Beers, a Calgary breeder of these dogs, who says they photograph magnificently with mountains in the background, had one that may have been ready to defend a Viking farm but was terrified of water. One time the only way Beers could get her across a creek in the Rockies was to put her in a gun and carry her, nearly drowning herself in the process. He was rescued, not by his Norwegian Elkhound but by a United Church minister he was talking with.

Lefkowitz, Rethelms, big noble dogs that sweep through off coffee tables with their tails and are often referred to as "companions," tend to go away with any-



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body, while giggling little dogs with no personalities grove where they're left with a net. St. Bernards are generally known to make a nice view of anyone who gets lost in the snow. R. D. Crowford, a university professor in Sedation, took four of his St. Bernards and a cat called Dirty Nellie out for a walk on the prairie one night at 40° below and promised to drop from fatigue so see if the St. Bernards would try to warm him with their body heat. The dogs took a good look at Mike sure he was dead, then started chiving the cat, which apparently they had always wanted to eat.

All of which does no harm to anyone so long as the dogs are in the hands of the right people, but I've already seen signs of the wrong ones taking over. They let dogs that were meant for retrieving ducks, barking cattle and going to war, roam at large around suburbs while they go downtown and forget about their. Pointers and retrievers with no ducks to retrieve or grass to pull at will stalk garbage pails. The Irish Setter, a big beautiful dog that needs to look at you sideways, needs plenty of exercise and will go right through screen doors to get it, urinating the neighborhood.

Within the past three weeks I've had a German Shepherd that weighed 115 pounds push me from behind, apparently with the approval of my hostess, who sat smiling while I crowded the room in little shoving leaping lurches. I sat almost hyperventilating watching a mastiff try to lean on me and at the same time reach out with her foot and close the legs of a Golden Retriever that lay in an abandoned posture on its back on the living-room floor, displaying its underparts, every time the woman brought his legs together they'd spring apart again, and the dog would look up at her reproachfully from between its legs. On another visit, a Great Dane shoved me into a wall. (Kirsten Daines are known as lemmings) but not in the grain with its tail and barked at with its head. I've seen the brawniness of a neighbourhood, if not an intercontinental, food between a man who doesn't like dogs and Englishmen who let two Labrador run loose.

One time the owner of two St. Bernards (an insurance salesman who told me that the worst of all successful selling was to like people) stood watching with peculiar interest while one of his dogs, body-trapped a doorway night where his neighbor would step from his car. I asked him if the neighbor didn't complain about that kind of thing and he looked at me in surprise. "They're always complaining," he said.

I don't blame them, and I hope there aren't many more like him among the Canadians who, as one breeder explained to me, "have a color TV, two cars and a dishwasher, and decide it's time they had a big dog." □

SUDDENLY, NEXT SUMMER...

BY BARRY BASE



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The Great Big New Rich,
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the suburban go-getters
of Horatio Alger



BOOKS

BY PHILIP SYKES

DANIEL KEITH LUDWIG has the appearance of an aging statesman and that, among other things, is what he is. The neighbor in Duran, Connecticut, occasionally spots him in short sleeves and suspenders, pointing around his lawn, critically examined by the neighbors. He works a long day and is not known to engage in backyard chitchat about his tanker fleet, which extends in tonnage the combined wartime shipping of Germany, Italy and Japan, or to brag about his earnings capacity, which equals that of 100,000 skilled workers.

The money man cornered Ludwig at the office of National Bulk Carriers at 384 Lexington Avenue in New York. There he directs a \$1 billion fund and the tankers that carry a considerable portion of the global trade in oil. They are certainly the largest and probably the least known tankers in the world. When he learned that rival Aristotle Onassis had ordered grand parties for the officers' quarters of his super-tankers, Ludwig's answer was direct and characteristic: "You can't carry oil in grand gear."

Ludwig reveals his credo with the same economy of speech: "I'm in this business because I like it. I have no hobbies." It is almost a Horatio Alger tale for a Horatio Alger story—the well-schooled dropout from the broken home, single-mindedly deploying a "sensitivity to the profitable deal," outpacing the 300,000 more millionaires who today comprise North America's lesser rich and leaving through the door of sailor Kenneth Lamont of *The Money-makers*, as "the greatest of the Great Big New Rich of the postwar era."

Almost but not quite an Alger story, for these are not Alger times. And the underlying interest of *The Money-makers* is that of a study of our times (historically: the book is a sketchy profile of the making of a tanker's dozen of recent firms, including the \$300 million and up rate the Billionaire-Lamont label has subjected *The Big New Rich* to delinquency from the reborn of wealth. Some you know, Hamilton Lafayette Mark, Jr., of the crowded Rye, Howard Hughes, head of Las Vegas. Others are as obscure as Ludwig.

The spirit of Alger lives mainly in their rebirth. They progressed to private enterprise was developing from an economic system into an American ideology. They came long after Rockefeller, DuPont, Mellon and Ford, the great industrial dynasties born out of competitive capitalism. They came before General Motors, Boeing and the swollen defense department, the contemporary big businesses.

The New Rich began, like the first Rockefeller, as competitive entrepreneurs. But like the modern private businessmen, they flourished on political lobbying, multi-tier government contracts, mergers, depletion allowances and a tax structure continuously and parsimoniously tilted toward a corporate jackpot. Their role was transitional, Ludwig says. Lamont, is "the last of the great entrepreneurs."

Ludwig's early days were Algerian indeed. He bought a rattleable side-wheel excursion steamer on credit, sold its boiler, converted it into a barge and chartered it to a molasses tycoon. He hoisted, scrounged, opened account books results on shanties to of competitors. The big chance came with H&W's war: Ludwig laid the keels of his postwar fleet on government shipbuilding orders.

Responding to the "catastrophe theory of wealth," all the New Rich moved the opportunities for serious expansion and laid the first blocks of their formidable structure we still today the military-industrial complex. (The catastrophe response was described most selectively by citizens John Ford City in 1944: "I resolved to do my best to be worthy of Mama and to help my country crash its enemies in the last ounce of my strength.")

Ludwig flung out of the war with the world's 370-largest tanker fleet, soon to be Number One. Today that fleet largely Liberian-registered serves a complex of Ludwig companies in every continent. He is in oil, ranching, aviation, and other oil, insurance, petro, iron, steel and oranges.

Many of Lamont's New Rich have copies of Ludwig—all are white and American born, and are undoubtedly possessors of north-European descent. But the important bond is age. Ludwig is in his 70s and the others are of his generation. If a new Ludwig

appeared today, he would be corporately swallowed in the infancy of enterprise.

Lamont's book coincides with the paperback publication of the 1968 best seller *The Rich and the Super-Rich* by Professor Ferdinand Lundberg. Its voluminously documented and cautiously argued thesis is that the significant fortunes remain with the Great Old Rockefeller Rich, carefully diffused by inheritance but still under dynamic control.

Lundberg sees the old rich families persistently and profitably transferring their economic mastery to today's military-corporate managers. New economic leaders are in debt of financial politicians (Democrats). They protect and improve institutions through collaboration with and pressure upon government leaders (Republicans). It is a chilling analysis of the corporate hierarchy. If you want Lamont for entertainment, you should read Ludwig with an eye to self-preservation.

CORRECTION: Following Daniel Ludwig is not strictly accurate when he says, "I have no hobbies." He has the three-decker yacht *Danigien* (275 feet 5 inches). She is named after Daniel and Ginger Ludwig. And registered in Minnesota.

The Money-makers by Kenneth Lamont (Lancaster, Brown, \$5).

The Rich and the Super-Rich by Ferdinand Lundberg (Harvard, \$1.95).

YOU SHOULD READ . . .

ANOTHER KNOWER: A Memoir by Jack Newfield, Clark, Irwin, \$5.95. New Left writer Jack Newfield and Bobby Kennedy (1964) talked on an airplane, just before the fatal chaos of that campaign in California. "His face looked like an old man's," he was so kind, I couldn't read his mood." And often Newfield saw Kennedy's interior life taking on; he came to believe that Bobby was "training for President in public, and looking for himself in private." Newfield, an unimpressed person, saw Bobby as "The Kennedy with soul." What gave credence to the belief in the intimacy of the politician, built on the unsuitable manner of shared experience.



Walker's Special Old.

Hiram Walker's Special Old Canadian Whisky wins on taste, wins on smoothness, wins on popularity. Make yours Special Old. You can't lose.

The Winner.

Don't the masters of the 60-second insult realize that today's young housewife isn't dumb?



TELEVISION

BY DOUGLASS MARSHALL

SPLIT THE BUTTER, Josephine, with your Turkish shawl. Come! clamber in one peak: I'll see I've never kissed his forehead, lady from Glad, you pay Union Carbide hell, if you can't kiss her. The kismet of my gods, I'll call the cavalry squad. And you'll be-mannered brash from Court, yet all-out of the very best of it you ever interrupt me at my work.

Such riding against television commercials is like ranting about taxes. Since both consumers are unavailable why waste our last breath? Yet there are times when ranting and riding are justified. Occasionally a shaped government tries to impose order on commerce and unfair that the electronic, as if stung by unmeasurable heat, lets loose a howl no freewheeling man ignores. Similarly, but more frequently, state intervention in the advertising industry attempts to pollute the consumer with sales pitches so vulgar and insulting that the consumer's outrage needs to be articulated.

After comparing this season's crop of commercials with harvests made in the past, I've concluded that the time has come to put — calmly and forcefully, the few multitalented ads that grace the tube show only slight improvement and new indignities. A dispassionate, the truly bad commercials are undeniably worse and their offensiveness in inflicting the wide middle range of evenly mediocre commercials.

The description has been subtle, so subtle, in fact, that I'm convinced no TV adman was responsible. Indeed, what has happened is that middle-aged viewers have grown accustomed to beauty, it's second nature to them now. And certain talent-makers have taken advantage of this critical vacuum to explore the frontiers of fatality.

The ugliest commercial trend in recent years is toward black trash-festivals. Tuffing white lies in line we manage to live with each other, selling black trash is how many TV sponsors in the detergent-hygiene field finally wish we would live. My own living Point toward for achievement in this genre goes to the Sarge product placement. One scenario shows three middle-aged spouses cutting cards to decide who is going to tell the pres-

ent he has had time. "But he's the last brother we know," protests the badly selected to hear the last news. Eventually the cardboard the melodramatic men only to learn he started using Scope that morning. The fade-out hints that this black trash-fest could lead to romance, a consummation about as probable as the Queen Mother marrying George Wallace.

Clearly, the master of this 60-second could derive sweet and delight in holding them up to ridicule. He hasn't much more use for man. The implication is that he regards his fellow human beings as a herd of feeble-minded, foul-smelling Yahoos who should either wait their another out with Scope or be exterminated.

There are plenty of other blarney, equally as atrocious, however, and the power of their mindlessness corrupts absolutely. Not even the Bank of Montreal can avoid it. Don Harrold's elaborate wisperings about bank credit, made from inflicting the new verb "to uncompleat" on us, show that schisms can also lack imagination and style. By the same token, the man of Wayne and Shuster on behalf of Golf Oil do nothing to confirm the rumor they were once comedians.

The defense most often advanced by admen is that statistics selling is necessary because "there are a lot of lawless people out there." The corollary is that commercials displaying adult humor or addressing themselves to viewers with IQs above 75 don't sell products.

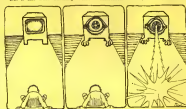
But is this true? Certainly Vol-

uptin is not going broke by being witty about "the best car on Zeno." When Susan talks about roller paper without being crude or coy and still goes on. Reader is doing fine even though it fails to imply that all people with "dandruff" lead "blighted" lives. Alka-Seltzer sells without needing more stomach aches than it cures and the last I heard, Xerox and MacMillan Reader were still in business despite their all-purpose visual puns.

There have been warnings, some coming from a few plugged-in admen, that the federal government will soon stamp down harder on the advertising industry if standards don't improve. (Certain federal regulations plus some vetting by the networks already keep the really dangerous junk off the air.) But I doubt whether such measures will be needed. My bet is that Josephine and the Gladiators are about to be topped by younger viewers.

The newly married housewife is not a person, she probably has Grade 12 or even a B.A. Unlike her superior duffs, she is fed to the teeth with TV blarney that assumes she is a function-blind idiot. If the absurd Secret Collector ever walked into her house, she would probably try to analyze his knobby knag-p.

Then younger consumers won't achieve results, are angry about pollution in any form and know how to use their power just half a dozen well-designed letters would quickly send gray-haired business flying. The men of the top would hardly not associated customers. So sad, viewers, read



Ride on a ferryboat. Come to the fair. Walk on a carpet of gold. Have a great Ontario adventure this autumn.

One of the great things about Ontario is this: The fun doesn't end with the ending of summer. Autumn brings adventures all its own.

You can trudge through forests turned crimson and gold. Then stop for a picnic in the crisp, clean outdoors.

Join in the hunt for the great antlered moose, duck or ring-necked pheasant. Or hunt for antiques at a fall's auction sale.

You can taste the season's first order at a bustling country fair. And be part of the glittering opening night crowd as the city's theatre season starts once more.

Everywhere you go in Ontario in autumn, you'll find a hundred things to see and do and savor. All of the history, fun and excitement. With none of the summer's hurry.

We'd be glad to help you plan a personal Fall vacation. Write to us for free information. Then get ready to enjoy your great Ontario adventure this autumn. Write now to Department of Tourism & Information, Room PM-1, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Take a different look at the autumn world from a ferryboat deck.



Jack Frost peels for all the world to see.



There's never a lull in the fun.



Harvest fruits to see and savor.



High on fun, young and old, come to the fair.



You can't miss the thing—the players and music.

Ontari-ari-ario

It's a nice place to visit, even when you live there.

From the man who made *Warrendale*, a devastating breakdown of the ingredients in a modern marriage



FLIMS

BY LARRY ZOLF

AS A PROFESSIONAL filmmaker who's received better film about the married life of two of his most intimate friends? Can such a film be anything more than a tasteless exercise in privacy or, at best, a sophisticated, outrageous home movie? These are the questions raised by *A Married Couple*, made by Allan King, a Canadian film known, so far, for *Warrendale*, a controversial, award-winning documentary about emotionally disturbed children.

After *Warrendale*, King set out to make a documentary film about marriage breakdown, but his plans went awry. What normal, healthy North American couple would agree to have their secretmost fundamental crises recorded on film for posterity? His original talent-hunt proved abortive, King took a calculated, daring gamble. He persuaded two friends, Toronto advertising executive Billy Edwards and his wife Antonette, to allow him to make a film about their marriage. To achieve a report as quickly as possible he provided a constraint, Richard Lesterman, and a second man, Chris Wanger, who had both been friends of the Edwards for years.

The rules in such a project were enormous. Surely only a couple with married-subliminal academic could find such a film experience attractive. The net effect could only be a tasteless exercise in self-indulgence for the film subjects and a forced honesty into voyeurism for the audience.

The first few moments of the finished product seemed to confirm my worst suspicions. There are some self-conscious smiles and snuggles, a look-me-in-the-eye-come-anymore. But gradually, almost unperceptibly, the mood changes.

From a self-conscious couple making a home movie, a set of characters begins to develop. Billy begins to look and talk like the belatedly and confused husband that W. C. Fields has made part of American folklore. Antonette, with her irresistible craving for well-oiled ones, begins to look and sound like Shirley Winters playing Maggie in Billy's *hug*.

The dialogue between them becomes more sly, flippant, and yet more

ing. At the same time it protects the couple. Billy and Antonette have back up for each other and for the world outside them.

We laugh at their exchanges, but we're frightened. We need the protection of the *Duplex*. Billy and Antonette have built up a mask as they do. We know that once their facade is broken down, our own will break down too and we shall, willy-nilly, be pushed into the whirlpool of confusion and alienation that lies just beneath the surface of Billy and Antonette and, consequently, of ourselves.

Slowly and tentatively the facade begins to crumble. It's hard to play W. C. Fields and Shirley Winters day in and day out in front of friends recording your every move and in the process learning things about you that neither they nor you really want to feel out. As the arguments and miseries begin to sound increasingly similar to arguments and miseries you've found yourself in, you realize you've joined the party, for the whole ride, all the way, in sickness and in health, for better or for worse. The film's overwrought concentration on the Edwards family—the shooting is almost totally confined to the interior of the Edwards home—heightens the claustrophobic effect: You are a guest at the Edwards home. Their arguments are the arguments you've heard your best friends engage in.

At first the arguments seem pretty petty. They are rooted in a haze of misunderstanding and countered with rules and ultimatums. Billy starts on being Taran, the breadwinner, the man who goes out into the wilderness of jungle and brings back the snacks for dog

Merlin, the toys for baby Regret, the fancy maid clothes for wife Antonette. She, in turn, craves individuality, (even, deliciousness above all else. She can only be fulfilled if surrounded by hangers-on, gilded geese, real-life nobles, Spanish lambs and a car of her own. Her diffidence, Billy insists, can only bankrupt the family. There is to be no car and he, the breadwinner, must drive or be driven to work each morning.

But then the side gets pretty rough. A letter showing snafus breaks out over the return of borrowed records. Then the dispute turns material. Antonette tries to assassinate Billy's sense of Turgenevianity by pointing out his repeated trips and failures. Billy notes the specter of sexual coexistence. There are apocalyptic phone calls and attempts at adultery that could be real, fanciful or prebaked jokes, but all possibly coming to the house. There is an incredible scene of loneliness, alienation and despair in the marriage of Billy and Antonette. Yet there is great warmth and involvement as they recognize their own basic weakness and their headlong fear of standing alone or making new partners and a new way of life.

Watching all this as members of the audience is very much like an emotional *Canterbury* ride in a roller-coaster seat. Many films have been made on modern marriage, alienation, emotional angst. *Concorde* Faces, Antonette's *La Nube*, Golden's *A Married Woman*, *Edouard's A Man and a Woman*, to mention only a few. But they evoked only a curious, detached sympathy. Watching *A Married Couple*, the audience is brutally involved, husbands side with Billy, wives with Antonette. Suddenly we think the advantages of the single life. Tarry-boppers wonder whatever happened to the concept of romantic love. Married couples leave the theatre agitated in argument.

A Married Couple is more than a marriage film; it is a unique film experience. And yet, in a sense, Allan King has achieved the opposite of his original purpose. Instead of a film on marriage breakdown he has gone to a devastating breakdown of the emotional ingredients of modern marriage



The Smirnoff Brunch: Worth dropping by for.

Nothing makes brunch take off like Smirnoff. Real Smirnoff. It's what revs up the Screwdrivers and gets your soufflé off the ground. And only a Smirnoff Bloody Mary can make Eggs Benedict sprout wings. Brunch without Smirnoff? A crashing bore.

Always ask for **Smirnoff** it leaves you breathless.
VODKA



Allan King's on-and-camera lived with the Edwards both day and night

**Kicking Toronto
is a pleasant
Canadian pastime.
The question is:
can we still
afford it?**



THE LIVELY ARTS

BY MAVOR MOORE

IN THE NATIONAL, self-blighting over-page, Prime Minister Trudeau has promised us a future which the country can no longer afford: locking Toronto.

Reveling Canada's second city has long been not only a Toronto sport but also one of the few bands holding the nation together. Dotted on everything else, Maritime and Quebecers, midwesterners and westerners find common ground here. Not even the racist lads for Mafia jobs but the reborn Toronto of its own muscle.

Chamber-of-Commerce or journalistic, singer—short construction houses and the coastal oases of Montreal only fortify the depressed image of Hogtown— a place where fat and sophisticated burgers root for money and can wait for the joys of living. Even Torontonians have gone along with the gag: a semi-fine old *Synop* Flav blockhead showed two Canadian sitcoms spitting on their home town as they flew overhead.

Once in a while, these days, visitors remark how "Toronto has changed, especially since the Hudson arrived"— noting with relief that 60 percent of the population is now of other than British origin. But residents are another made-up statistic overnight, and Toronto is still a synonym for stagnation. The wrong sed, that is to say, for creativity and a good time.

This pattern is not strictly out-of-date; it has never been accurate. True the liquor laws used to be unworkable and the entrepreneur— well, English, but many another Canadian city is still far worse. And quite apart from such race and wealth, Toronto since the 1850s has been the focus of the most vigorous and varied intellectual and artistic life in English-speaking Canada. It has given largely French-speaking Montreal a merry run for its culture.

The picture of a place where "nothing happens" fits oddly with the facts, as the box on this page shows. In every field of the arts and letters Toronto has been and is a leader — the best we've got. And this is neither to belittle Toronto nor to belittle other cities. No doubt Toronto could have done more, but it has done much. That is why it has always been the

place where Canadian artists and performers have sought to "make it," and where other places have often turned for assistance with their own activities.

But even ill-fortune here causes, and one cannot blame Toronto's image in the rest of the country entirely on our grapes.

For one thing, many Toronto-based organizations, acutely aware of the stigma, take pains to emphasize their national character and play down their headquarters. Visitors in other places such as Stamford, Charlotte-town or Halifax, which got much of their original impetus from Toronto, nowadays find it prudent to minimize the connection. Another deceptive factor is simply that such shows as the Midcoast Ballet, the Canadian Opera, and pop-music groups are more often on the road than at home.

Then, despite its long and creditable history in its arts and entertainment hub, Toronto is plainly no New York, London or Paris. For a city of slightly more than two million it has contributed more than its share of world-famous artists, but few of them have

stayed home. It is therefore both a crossroads, and not a major one, both "north of" and not "north of" both in the event and on the sidelines. To be more, it needs the support of the whole nation.

Mitchell Sharp, when he was Minister of Trade and Commerce — a post rewarded more for its attachment to agriculture than culture — once said:

The City of Toronto is not just one of the two big Canadian cities. It must learn to take on its own responsibility, to take the responsibility of the metropolitan centre for English-speaking Canada... Whether the people of Toronto and Montreal like it or not, and whether the other parts of the country like it or not, these two great cities cannot escape their responsibility for the quality of Canadian life. The whole country is influenced for better or worse by the standards they set.

In other words, dear fellow Canadians, when we kick Toronto we are kicking our own skins. What Toronto needs, for all our sakes, is a push.

WHY IT'S THE CAPITAL OF ENGLISH CANADA

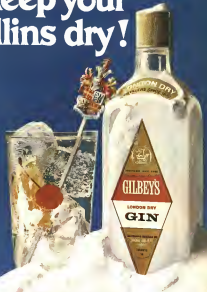
TORONTO IS

- the hub of English-language book publications and distribution
- headquarters for both CBC and private English-language radio and TV networks
- the centre of English-language film production and distribution
- national headquarters for Canada's Institute of International Affairs, Institute on Public Affairs, Association for Adult Education, Music Centre, Theatre Centre, the Conference of the Arts, among others

TORONTO HAS

- our largest and most eminent university and the Commonwealth's third largest
- our largest museum and the Commonwealth's second largest
- our largest municipal public-library system
- our three largest-circulation newspapers
- our two leading national magazines
- our senior permanent symphony orchestra
- the National Ballet and Canadian Opera companies
- more theatres, concert halls, nightclubs than any other English-speaking city in Canada
- more art galleries than any other Canadian city

Break out the frosty bottle, boys, and keep your collins dry!



Coke in the Summertime.

TRADE MARK REG.



It's No. 1.

When you're all hot and tired and need a little lift and you want to get cooled off, nothing will refresh you like the great taste of ice-cold Coca-Cola.

That's the way it goes all over.

Coke is number one. Under the sun. In the shade. Beneath the stars. In the moonlight.

Anytime you're thirsty, things go better with the taste of Coke.